

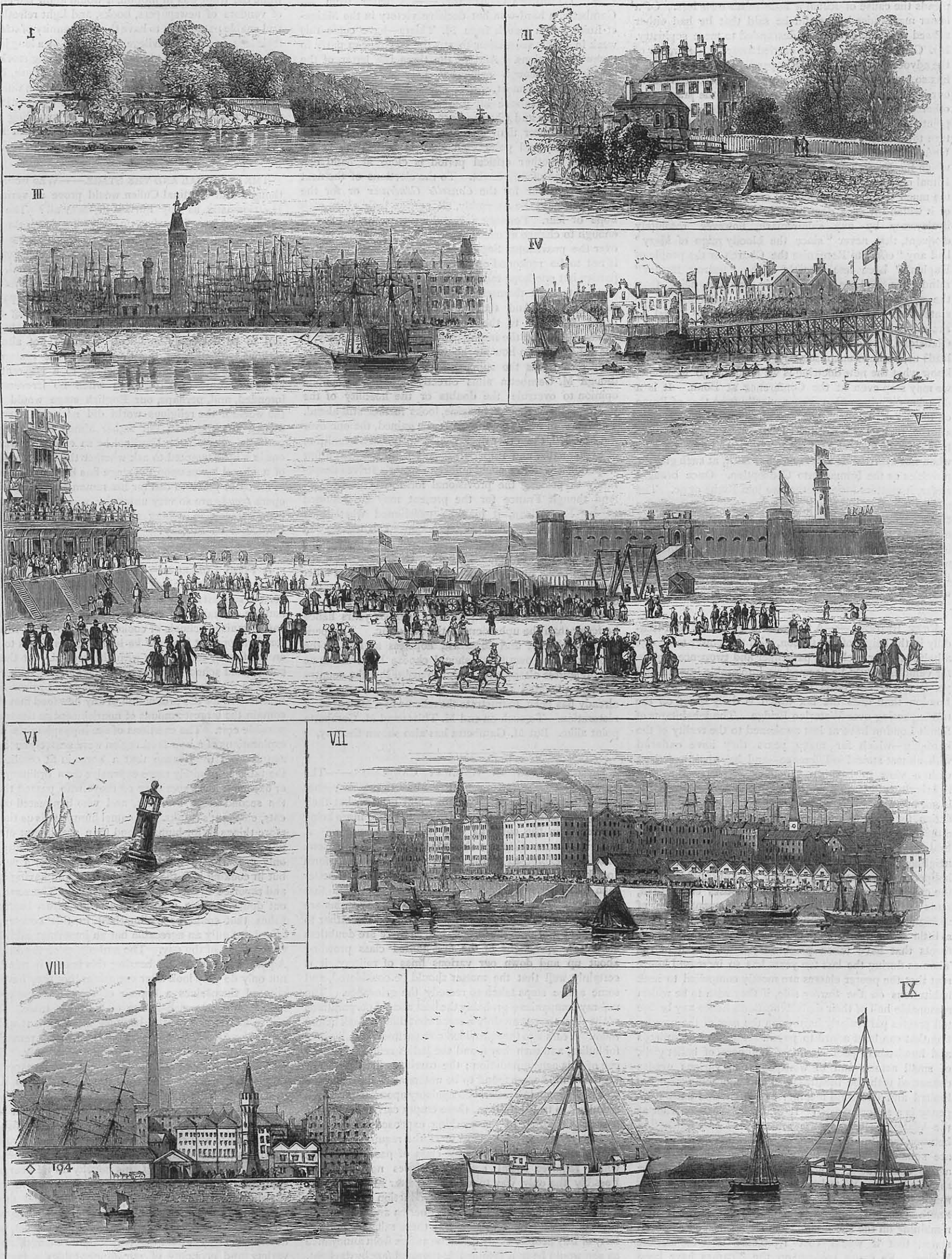
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. X.—No. 253
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



I. Banks near Eastham.—2. Eastham.—3. Birkenhead Warehouses and Water Tower (Hydraulic).—4. New Ferry.—5. New Brighton Sands, &c.—6. Bell Buoy, Mouth of the Mersey.—7. Albert Docks.—8. The Vauxhall Chimney (Chemical Works).—9. Powder Magazines, Tenders, and Beeston Hills.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LIVERPOOL—JOTTINGS ON THE MERSEY

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE ON RITUALISM.—Mr. Gladstone pleads the cause of Ritual a little to his own loss. Of a lesser man, indeed, it would be said that he had either missed the point at issue or descended to mere sophistry. Mr. Gladstone, we fancy, is carried away by the ardour of the advocate who is himself a partisan. Ritual for him has so many charms, it fills so well the æsthetic void in our island natures, it harmonises so with the practice of other Churches, reformed indeed, yet holding on many points much higher doctrines than our own, he cannot turn towards its darker side and dangerous tendencies. Unfortunately this side of Ritualism is the only one for which the English public really cares, and a defence of Ritual on æsthetic grounds, which wholly sets aside as too much mixed with polemical considerations that form of it which involves doctrines, is hardly redeemed from irrelevancy by any side-remark, however resolutely eloquent, that never "since the bloody reign of Mary" had any "effort to Romanise the Church or the people of England" been less possible. The "narrow insular" mind sees a little more clearly on this point than the subtler, but more impressionable, intellect of the statesman. As a matter of fact the new Ritual is avowedly framed to symbolise new doctrine. And Mr. Gladstone, in flouting the idea of Romish supremacy, leads us, perhaps unconsciously, a little off the scent. To know what the new doctrine is we need not go to Rome, we may stop even at the Conference at Bonn. It is a doctrine differing only microscopically from that of Rome on the Real Presence, Confession, and Absolution, and all the highest claims of the Sacerdacy—a doctrine tolerating the invoking of Saints, not even taking offence, when not asserted as an essential of faith, at such greater novelties as the Immaculate Conception. Once brought so far, it matters little whether we join Rome or no. The mere supremacy of an individual See affects after all the clergy rather than the laity. Were a revived æstheticism merely at issue, Mr. Gladstone might have spared his ink. But for the underlying doctrine which Ritualism is meant to press on feeble congregations, no Public Worship Bill would be needed to kill in a week every form at which the ruggedest Puritan could take objection.

FREE BRIDGES.—A toll-gate at each end of Piccadilly in the height of the season, with the power to charge a halfpenny for each foot passenger and twopence a-piece for vehicles, would be deemed an intolerable impost, and yet it would not press harder upon the population of London than does the tax which is daily levied on the traffic passing over Waterloo Bridge. The inhabitants of South London have at last awakened to the reality of the hardship—which for many years they have endured with almost stoical indifference—and have held meetings with a view to backing up the Metropolitan Board in bringing about an abolition of the obnoxious toll. It is not before it was required that they have taken energetic action, for it would appear this long-existing toll has had a serious effect upon the property on the south side of the bridge; the working classes cannot afford to live in a neighbourhood which involves a perpetual expenditure of halfpence for which they receive no appreciable value, the consequence is there are many houses untenanted, rents are reduced, the character of the occupants is not of so high a class as formerly, and the whole locality is not a little deteriorated. The vast alteration and improvements that have taken place on the north side of the Thames during the last ten years has so increased house rent that the poorer classes are mostly compelled to seek habitations on the Surrey side, if they wish to be within reasonable hail of their daily avocations, hence any bridge toll presses particularly hard upon the part of the population that can least afford to pay it. There are hundreds and hundreds of poor clerks, of milliners, of ballet girls, of small actors, and of workpeople of various grades connected with the theatres, and innumerable persons of limited and uncertain income, to whom that daily halfpenny is a serious matter. It makes it all the harder as the Waterloo Road is the most direct communication between the Strand and Lambeth, in which latter locality are situated dwellings especially suited for the classes above enumerated. Another reason may be urged for throwing open Waterloo Bridge gratuitously—namely, that it is the most direct route from the Strand to the South Western Station, one of the few termini now remaining on the south side of the Thames. It has been stated that it would cost 1,500,000*l.* to free all the bridges. So many bridges on the Thames have been freed during the last few years that it seems hard that

one so important as Waterloo should be among the few still remaining taxed. We have well-nigh abolished turnpikes, and it is to be hoped that bridge tolls may soon be numbered among the obsolete customs and manners of a past age.

M. GAMBETTA'S APPEAL.—A letter from M. Gambetta, a hard-won but decisive victory in the Maine-et-Loire, and a speech from M. Thiers—have come this week in quick succession to stir the Republican party to renewed exertions. And of the three the letter of the ex-Dictator, though somewhat boldly phrased, takes perhaps the foremost place. M. Gambetta, for all his Radicalism, is above all things practical. He knows when to speak and when to keep silence. And his public utterances, rarer than of old, are timed with singular effectiveness, and point unerringly to a nearing crisis. For that another critical period is close at hand can hardly admit of any doubt. To the elections of the next month, whether for the *Conseils Généraux* or for the vacant seats in the Assembly, all parties look alike with hope or fear. Possibly a Republican triumph, marked enough to change at once the advocates of the Republican over the provisional Septennate into a narrow majority, is not to be reckoned on with absolute confidence. All parties but one hope too much from putting off the evil day not to avail themselves of any sign of hesitation in the country. And though MacMahon could hardly prove insensible to the decided voice of France, and chafes himself at the impracticability of the Assembly, it has yet to be seen how far he will consent to accept on their own terms the support of the Republicans. But though M. Gambetta aims directly at bringing public opinion to overrule the doubts or the hostility of the Chamber, his letter, we imagine, looks further still ahead. There are, in fact, two victories to be gained, the one over the Marshal, the other over the country. The coalition of Septennalist and Imperialist—a coalition which a few Imperialist victories could quickly shatter—strives desperately to prolong the provisional form of Government. And though France for the present may be assumed to be Republican, it may be questioned whether its Republicanism is sufficiently pronounced to make good its claims against all obstacles. But even if the Republic be still delayed the time must come—in six years at most, more probably much sooner—when the final verdict must be pronounced. And here, perhaps, is the greatest danger. Much as Imperialism has gained, the partisans of the Empire for its own sake may even six years hence be fewer than the upholders of the Republic. The peril is lest Legitimist and Orleanist, hopeless at last of the success of their own plans, should choose Imperialism as the preferable alternative. And to avoid this the country must be educated through its *Conseils Généraux*, as it already has been, to frustrate the scheme of a Monarchical restoration. To such an end M. Thiers and M. Gambetta point alike. But M. Gambetta has also shown the way.

IMPROVEMENTS IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—The question of the safety of lady passengers by railway—not their freedom from broken limbs and bruises, but their exemption from annoyance and insult—is once more being discussed in the columns of a daily contemporary. A deal has been written on the subject, and various views have been expressed on the matter. One lady will inform you that the majority of travelling mankind are little better than well-dressed savages, and another will tell you that the greater part of male passengers in railway trains are little short of modern Chesterfields. We incline rather to the latter belief than the former, but, as there are doubtless some few specimens of the first-named class prowling about up and down our various lines of railway, it is certainly well that the matter should be considered, and some active steps taken to remedy the grievance. The railway companies—probably the best abused corporations of the day—have certainly a somewhat difficult task before them. Years ago they provided compartments exclusively for ladies, and then they found the ladies refused to make use of this accommodation; the carriages labelled "For Ladies Only" were found to be untenanted, and as there was no bye-law to render it compulsory upon "unprotected females" to travel in them, these empty carriages became a serious addition to the working expenses of the line. It is very difficult indeed to meet the requirements of a somewhat exacting and variable class of passengers, one which requires social safety but loves not seclusion. Possibly the only way to meet the matter so as to satisfy all requirements would be the introduction of the large carriages, such as are in use in America and on many of the Continental lines of rail. In these saloons, holding forty or fifty people, a lady would be as free from annoyance as she would be in a fashionable thoroughfare by daylight, and the constant passing of the guard through the train

from end to end would enable her to appeal to that official if she felt so inclined. Indeed, the adoption of this system would meet most, if not all, the requirements of the passenger of to-day. It would obviate the necessity for the costly but unsatisfactory machinery for communication with the guard, it would permit the collection of tickets while the train was in motion, it would allow the entrance of vendors of newspapers, books, and light refreshments, and enable passengers to have the opportunity of stretching their legs—no small privilege, by the way, on a long journey. Of course so great an alteration in the rolling stock could not be made without considerable expenditure, but the plan seems so thoroughly to comprehend all the difficulties of the situation, that it is questionable whether it would not be cheaper in the long run than in spending money upon a variety of schemes whose working is, to say the least of them, scarcely so satisfactory as we could desire.

THE CARDINAL AND THE STAGE.—Who would have thought that Cardinal Cullen would prove as veritable a Histriomastix as any Puritan of them all? The Papal Church has usually had a condescending kindness for the stage, but it would seem the representation of the chapel scene in *Il Talismano*, albeit with as much assumption of reverence as the poor players could command, and—worse still—the introduction of the *corps de ballet* in the garb of nuns was too much for his Eminence's patience. So the fiat went forth, and in fear of provoking a very serious disturbance, the first scene of the peccant opera had to be decidedly modified. We are not altogether without sympathy for the Cardinal in the matter. No doubt there is something displeasing to a reverent mind in such scenic displays, even when no irreverence is intended, and, perhaps, our English stage would not be the worse if the religious world did not, as it often does, eschew it altogether, but rather aimed to chasten and purify it. Still, if the Cardinal be so extremely watchful, one is a little tempted to ask whether the innocent singing of a choral hymn upon the stage has been the only thing in all these years to call for his remonstrance, and if the opera *troupe* are so very unworthy, was there not a little inconsistency in asking them to sing for him in his Cathedral on Sunday?

A FOOD COLLEGE.—The wise precept of taking the precaution of catching your hare before attempting to cook it suggests that it would perhaps have been wiser had we endeavoured to establish food colleges before we had organised schools of cookery. At any rate, as things stand at present it would be by no means amiss to carry on the first in conjunction with the second. At the food college and school of cookery especial attention should be given to the discovery of a new edible, and prizes should be awarded for the production of any new food that should contain the largest amount of nourishment at the smallest possible cost. The exertions of the hippophagists in their explorations of a new food region were scarcely successful, simply from the reason that a horse in fit condition for the table is infinitely more expensive than ordinary sheep or oxen, but the experience of those who passed through the second siege in Paris, and who banqueted off rats, cats, elephant's trunks, and camel humps tells us there are more things fit for human food than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the ordinary gourmand. The difficulty is not only procuring a new animal, a new bird, or a new fish, but in cooking it in the proper fashion, and having it tried and reported on by a competent authority. There are, without doubt, a large number of foreign birds, beasts, and fishes that could be acclimatised in this country, and afford not only an agreeable but an important addition to the food-list of the day. The authorities of the Brighton Aquarium seem to be bearing this matter in mind, and not only do they look after curiosities, but they have constituted themselves a branch of the "food college" in looking after the fish-course of a dinner table. It was not so long since that a banquet was given at which a cooked octopus formed one of the most remarkable dishes, and still more recently has Mr. Henry Lee gone to a vast amount of trouble and expense to import the Russian sterlet from the Volga. This fish is esteemed as a great delicacy in Russia, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be introduced in our own rivers. Doubtless there are many other fishes of various kinds and climes that would be equally valuable additions to our daily bill of fare. At almost the same time as the introduction of this novelty do we hear of the exhibition of *fungi*, and the large quantity of its edible varieties that are daily neglected and wasted through ignorance. The education that the food college would give and the inducements that it would hold out, would doubtless bring about some pleasant changes in the variety and economy of our dinner-tables, a matter of no small importance in these days of the high price of

butchers' meat, and the large consumption of Australian beef.

NOISELESS WHEELS.—A proposal is afoot to make it compulsory on all the vehicles plying in our public streets to have india-rubber tyres round the wheels. It seems an excellent idea, but very difficult to carry out, inasmuch as one noisy cart without such a muffler would effectually ruin the silence that the others were paying so much a year to preserve. There is no doubt it would be an excellent thing, but the cost would be something enormous. One would like very much to see the statistics of how many pairs of india-rubber tyres a constantly-employed hansom would get through in the course of the year, and what would be the expense of the various omnibus companies on this particular head. It is not at all improbable that if this ingenious idea were carried out we might hear of a very considerable rise in the fares of all our wheeled vehicles. Another objection to this would be the absolute noiselessness of any vehicle so clothed: we should have no notice of its approach. If you were not on the look-out it would be on you and over you before you knew it was in your neighbourhood. It is true you might be warned by the tramp of the horse, but those luxurious individuals who wish to put india-rubber round all our wheels would in time, possibly, want to shoe our horses with felt, and this, combined with the asphalt that will eventually spread all over London, would create a silence that in a crowded city would become absolutely intolerable. As far as we can see, the asphalt pavement meets the case admirably, and any further attempt at deadening the sound of wheel traffic would appear to be supererogatory.

NOTICE.—The Half Sheet this Week, although delivered in the middle of the Paper, should be placed for binding between pages 328 and 337, and the EXTRA SUPPLEMENT between pages 336 and 337.

NOTICE.—With this number is presented an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "ON THE EXCHANGE FLAGS."



CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending

October 10, 1874.
MONDAY, Oct. 5.—Fête in aid of Hospital Saturday Fund, Dramatic Performances, Balloon Ascent, Assault of Arms, Great Fountains, Athletic Sports, Concert, &c.
TUESDAY, Oct. 6.—Dramatic Performances, "One Touch of Nature," and "Goose with Golden Eggs." Messrs. J. Clarke, Maclean, Temple, and Miss Furtado.
THURSDAY, Oct. 8.—Great Firework Display, Dramatic Performance by Mr. J. Clarke, Miss Furtado, &c.
SATURDAY, Oct. 10.—First Winter Concert. Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley. Pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor.
MONDAY to FRIDAY, One Shilling; **SATURDAY,** Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Mr. BUCKSTONE begs to announce that his Regular Season will commence on SATURDAY, October 10th, on which occasion Mr. SOUTHERN (after an absence of 3 years in America) will re-appear in his original character of "Lord Dundreary." Stage Manager, Mr. COE. Box plan now open.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.—FOURTH SEASON. THE BELLS, "Mathias," Mr. Henry Irving. Preceded at 7.30 with THE DUMB BELLE. Concluding with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Box Office open Ten till Five.

THE TWO ORPHANS.—Most enthusiastically received by crowded houses, commences at 7.30, and terminates at 11. Every Evening at the ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

BRITANNIA Theatre, Hoxton.—Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—All the week, Wednesday excepted, at 6.45, with ERNEST MALTRAVERS. "Darvil," Mr. James Carden; "Alice," Miss M. Henderson. After which (all the week), the great American Trio, Johnny Johnson, Japanese Tommy, and Will Gant. The Sisters Albert, Mr. T. H. Rowan. With (Wednesday excepted) THE SPECTRE OF THE SEA. Mr. J. Reynolds, Miss M. Bellair. On Wednesday, the Benefit of Masters S. and A. Graford. THE STOLEN JEWESS. Re-appearance of Mrs. S. Lane. First appearance of Miss Lucy Marston Leigh, Mr. G. H. Macdermott, Mr. Fred Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brian, Mr. R. Leslie, and a host of other attractions.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.
 THE TENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR
 at the
 MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' SEASON
 AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.
 The most extraordinary instance of sterling popularity upon record.
 THE NEW AND SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME
 Introduced upon the occasion of the
 INAUGURATION OF THE TENTH YEAR,
 On Monday, the 21st Sept.
 WILL BE REPEATED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
 EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
 MONDAYS,
 WEDNESDAYS,
 and SATURDAYS,
 At Three and Eight.
 Private Boxes, £1 11s. 6d. and £2 12s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s., Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
 Doors open for the Day Performance at 2.30.
 Doors open for the Evening Performance at 7.30.
 No Fees or extra charges whatever.
 Programmes Free.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Success is the great criterion of the merits of a Public Entertainment, and this fact is exemplified by the crowds that avail themselves of HAMILTON'S DELIGHTFUL EXCURSIONS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. Every Evening at 8. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3. Prices of admission 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERT (by kind permission), at 26, Portland Place, FRIDAY, October 30, at Three o'clock. Programmes and Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each (not transferable), to be had only of Mr. W. H. Holmes, 36, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

DORÉ'S New Picture, The Dream of Pilate's Wife.
 This original conception is now ON VIEW in the New Room, added to the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street. Admission 1s. 10 to 6.

DORÉ'S Great Picture of "Christ Leaving the PRETORIUM," with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca de Rimini," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON'S PAINTINGS.—Eastern, Alpine, Welsh, &c. Exhibition including Mr. Walton's work during 1873 and 1874. Now open at Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly. Ten to six. Admission, Catalogue, 1s.

GALLERY of FINE ART MODERN PICTURES, containing Chromo-lithographs, Photographs, and Engravings of the works of Birket Foster, Sir Edwin Landseer, and all celebrated English and Foreign artists. Catalogues sent free on application to Mr. GEORGE REES, 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

BRUCCIANI'S Galleria Della Belle Arti.—Life-sized Bust of their R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have just been added to the Collection of Statues. Statuettes and Busts by French and other artists, including Terra Cotta Busts of English Statesmen from Italy. 40, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Every Saturday.
 —Fast Trains for Brighton leave VICTORIA 11.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and LONDON BRIDGE 11.20 a.m., calling at Croydon (East).
 FARE, FIRST CLASS, HALF-A-GUINEA, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, including the Special Fast Train leaving Brighton at 9.30 p.m.
 (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT,
 London Bridge Terminus. General Manager.

GLASGOW and the HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals, by Royal Mail Steamer, *Jona*, from Glasgow daily at 7 a.m., conveying Passengers for the North and West Highlands. Time Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post on application to DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE Publisher is prepared to forward THE GRAPHIC for one year at the following rates paid in advance, including postage and Christmas Number:—United Kingdom, 30s.; Africa West Coast, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, China, Egypt, France, Gibraltar, India, Jamaica, Japan, Malta, Mexico, Monte Video, Natal, New Zealand, St. Thomas, Suez, West Indies, 36s. 8d., or 32s. thin paper; to Austria, Constantinople, Germany, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, West Coast South America, 45s. 4d. or 36s. 4d. thin paper; Denmark, Italy, and Portugal, 54s. 3d. or 40s. 10d. Cheques or Post Office Orders to be made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand.

The postage of THE GRAPHIC to the undermentioned countries is as follows:—

UNITED KINGDOM		3d.	
America (United States)	2d.	Hong Kong, via Southampton	2d.
Australia, via Southampton	2	India, do.	2
Austria	2	Italy	6
Belgium	2	Japan, via Southampton	2
Brazil, via Southampton	2	Malta, do.	2
Buenos Ayres, do.	2	Mexico, do.	2
Canada, by Canadian Packet	2	Monte Video, do.	2
Cape of Good Hope	2	New Zealand, do., or San Francisco	2
Ceylon, via Southampton	2	Portugal, via France	6
China, do.	2	Singapore, via Southampton	2
Denmark	6	Spain	4
Egypt, via Southampton	2	Sweden, via Hull	4
France	2	Switzerland	4
Germany	4	Tasmania, via Southampton	2
Gibraltar, via Southampton	2	West Indies, do.	2
Holland	4		

NOTE.—An Edition is printed on thin paper, which can be transmitted for half the amounts specified in the above list. All papers for foreign countries must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LIVERPOOL

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has already paid two visits to Liverpool, and this, his third visit, was made with two objects in view, both of which were of especial interest to the Prince in his respective capacities as a gallant seaman and as an amateur musician. We allude to the laying of the foundation-stone at the Seamen's Orphanage in Newsham Park, and to the Musical Festival in the Philharmonic Hall. Monday was observed as a general holiday—most of the shops were shut, the public buildings and thoroughfares were bedecked with flags, while an enormous crowd occupied all the open spaces around the Lime Street Station, which was also gaily decorated with flags, the platform being adorned with crimson carpeting, rare plants, and lovely Lancashire ladies. Considering the preparations which were made it seems a pity that the Duke did not wear some more regal apparel than plain morning dress. However, he arrived with Royal punctuality, soon after 1 P.M., and was received by the Mayor, A. B. Walker, Esq. He then drove in the Mayor's carriage, escorted by a troop of Lancers, to the Town Hall, where he lunched with the Mayor and a select party. Meanwhile a fashionable company had assembled in the apartments leading from the luncheon-room to the small ball-room, where the Duke was presently to receive an address. The ball-room itself was crowded by a specially-favoured throng, most of them ladies, who whiled away the weary time by inspecting the volume containing the illuminated address, and the trowel which was destined to lay the foundation-stone of the Walker Art Gallery. Of this trowel we give an engraving (from a photograph by Messrs. Vandyke and Brown, of Liverpool), so we may as well describe it at once. It is of silver gilt, set with jewels, and decorated with sea-weed, shells, and cornucopia. The handle, of oxidized silver, bears a figure of the Liver (the sacred bird of Liverpool, somewhat resembling a bittern); the blade exhibits the arms of the Duke, over an appropriate inscription, while the reverse shows a view of the proposed Art Gallery. Luncheon over, the Mayor appeared in the ball-room, escorting the Duke to a chair of State fronting the ranks of ladies, the corporate officers grouped themselves round, and then an address was read, and a reply made by the Prince. The next section of the day's programme was the laying the foundation-stone of the Art Gallery, to be built for the town by its present public-spirited Mayor at a cost of 20,000l. The proposed building (of which we published an engraving in our issue of August 8th, No. 245) is to occupy a piece of ground adjoining the Free Library and Museum, with the Corinthian style of which its design harmonises. At present nothing has been done beyond preparing the foundation-stone, over which a crane was erected, so ornamented as to present the appearance of a crimson canopy supported on pillars, and covering a carpeted platform. In rear of this rose a spacious amphitheatre of reserved seats, while every foot of ground, every window, and all other "coigns of vantage" were occupied by eager spectators. Presently the Duke, attended by the Mayor, alighted, and mounted the platform, above which hung the ponderous stone. Enthusiastic cheers burst forth,

followed by a verse of "God Bless Our Sailor Prince," after which the Archbishop of York prayed for the Divine blessing on the work in hand, the Mayor delivered an address, and the Prince made a reply. Then His Royal Highness touched the mortar with the silver trowel, and the stone descended into its place, to be declared "well and truly laid." Monday's proceedings terminated with an inspection of volunteers, followed by a banquet in the Town Hall, at which the Duke made some pointed references with regard to unseaworthy vessels. On Tuesday the shops were opened, and business was resumed, but thousands of people thronged the streets which lay between Newsham House and the Philharmonic Hall. The Duke started from Newsham House at 10.30, was received at the Town Hall by the Mayor, and was then conducted by him to the Philharmonic Hall, the galleries of which were fairly filled, but there were a good many empty seats in stalls and boxes. The oratorio chosen was Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which was first performed in England at this hall. The Duke was also present at a miscellaneous concert in the evening, when the hall was crowded, as shown in our engraving. This beautiful hall, which is 135 feet long, 102 feet broad, and 60 feet high, will seat 2,000 persons, as well as an orchestra of 300. It was designed by Mr. Cunningham, and was opened August 27th, 1848. Our engraving of the Philharmonic Hall Festival is from a sketch by Mr. E. A. Norbury, of 41, Kensington, Liverpool. On Wednesday the Royal Party proceeded to the Seamen's Orphanage, where the Prince was received by an imposing body of sailors, boys from the training ships, &c., and after various addresses, including an excellent one on behalf of the orphans by the Archbishop of York, the institution was declared to be open. The building, which is close to Newsham Park, has a frontage of 300 feet, with a tower 120 feet high, and will accommodate 280 boys and 120 girls.

We will next proceed to describe the page of cuts entitled "Tottings on the Mersey:—

EASTHAM, known as the Richmond of the Mersey, is about six miles from Liverpool—the woods and lately-added zoological gardens, a large hotel, and numerous tea-houses and gardens make it a very favourite "out." The different boat clubs row here, and the men may be seen lolling about in their flannels. The half-mile drive to the village is very pretty, and donkeys and carriages do a brisk business. Near here the banks of the river are very picturesque—red sandstone, topped and overhung by trees.

BIRKENHEAD WAREHOUSES AND WATER TOWER.—Birkenhead boasts even finer and better-constructed docks and warehouses than Liverpool, all the dock gates, &c., are worked by hydraulic pressure, for which this tower is built. The enormous block of warehouses adjoining must be far from full, all owners of produce preferring to have their goods in Liverpool to avoid the lightering across the river.

NEW FERRY is a favourite resort for holiday makers, and the locale of the Mersey Rowing Club. Several training and reformatory ships are anchored off here.

Our sketch of NEW BRIGHTON SANDS includes the Perch Rock Battery and the Rock Light. New Brighton is the Margate and Brighton of Liverpool, pony and donkey rides, merry-go-rounds, &c., abound on the sands. The New Brighton Sailing Club with its wonderfully canvassed (heaps of sails) boat are often having races and regattas, and the Cheshire and Mersey Yacht Races come off here. The Pier is one of the finest in England, the planking being on a slope keeps wonderfully dry; for wet weather there are covered places, refreshment saloons, &c.

The BELL BUOY is a well-known mark to all entering or leaving the port; it marks the fair way.

ALBERT DOCKS.—Here we have about the finest and most massive block of buildings in Liverpool, all descriptions of produce are warehoused here, including enormous quantities of cotton, linseed, hemp, and jute.

VAUXHALL CHIMNEY, showing corner of Waterloo Grain Warehouses.—All ships adjust their compasses with this chimney and numbers painted on the dock walls. These numbers (as the tale goes) were more than once supposed to have signified the sale of the docks—rather an important sale.

The POWDER MAGAZINES, with Beeston Hills behind.—Between New Ferry and Eastham, some distance off the town, are enormous old hulks, capable of containing enough to blow up nearly all Liverpool. They often have some 900 tons of powder on board. Sailing boats or tenders carry the powder from the hulks to ships, and all connected with the powder always hoist a red flag. Quite a little village is attached to these magazines, which, we believe, are the property of a company.

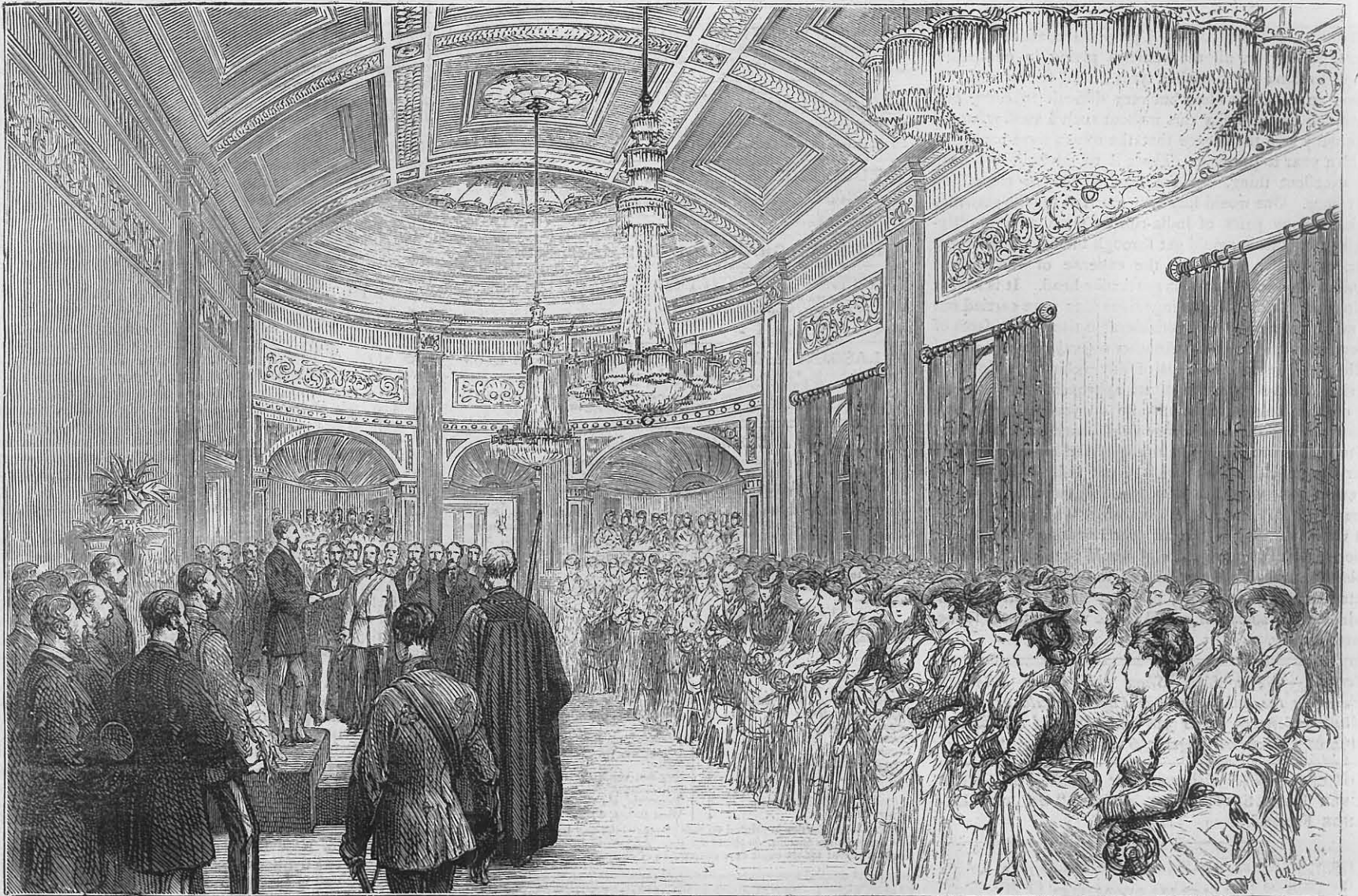
"SARPEDON"

THIS engraving is from a picture exhibited last season at the Paris Salon by M. Henri Lévy, and represents Death and Sleep bearing to Jupiter the body of Sarpedon, killed at the Siege of Troy. Sarpedon was a person of distinguished parentage, being the son of Jupiter by the beautiful Europa, whom the deity courted under the similitude of a bull, while his brothers, Minos and Rhadamanthus, attained legal eminence, and became judges of the infernal regions. Sarpedon banished himself from Crete, after he had in vain attempted to make himself king in preference to his elder brother Minos, and he retired to Caria, where he built the town of Miletus. He went to the Trojan War, attended by his friend and companion, Glaucus, to assist Priam against the Greeks. He was at last killed by Patroclus, after he had made a great slaughter of the enemy, and his body, by order of Jupiter, was conveyed to Lycia by Apollo, where his friends and relations paid him funeral honours, and raised a monument to perpetuate his valour.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.—V.

"I, JOHN, senior partner in the Firm, resume the pen which I did not touch last week. My dear little junior partner, by the way, omitted to describe the sketch of the water nymphs under the Giessbach. Who could guess, without explanation, that the nymphs aforesaid were standing under an overhanging rock over which the Giessbach fall was rushing? We are now at Interlaken, and have been to Grindelwald. The first day we tried to get to the upper glacier it rained in torrents, and I had to carry the junior partner over the miniature lakes and rivers which flooded the path. My grey suit was irretrievably spoiled by the Boots at the inn, who apparently treated my clothes like a batch of bread in order to dry them, popped them into the oven, so that I now walk about scarred and seamed down each leg and arm, an object of derision to the "merry Swiss boy." Next day was fine, and we tried the glaciers again, Nelly and

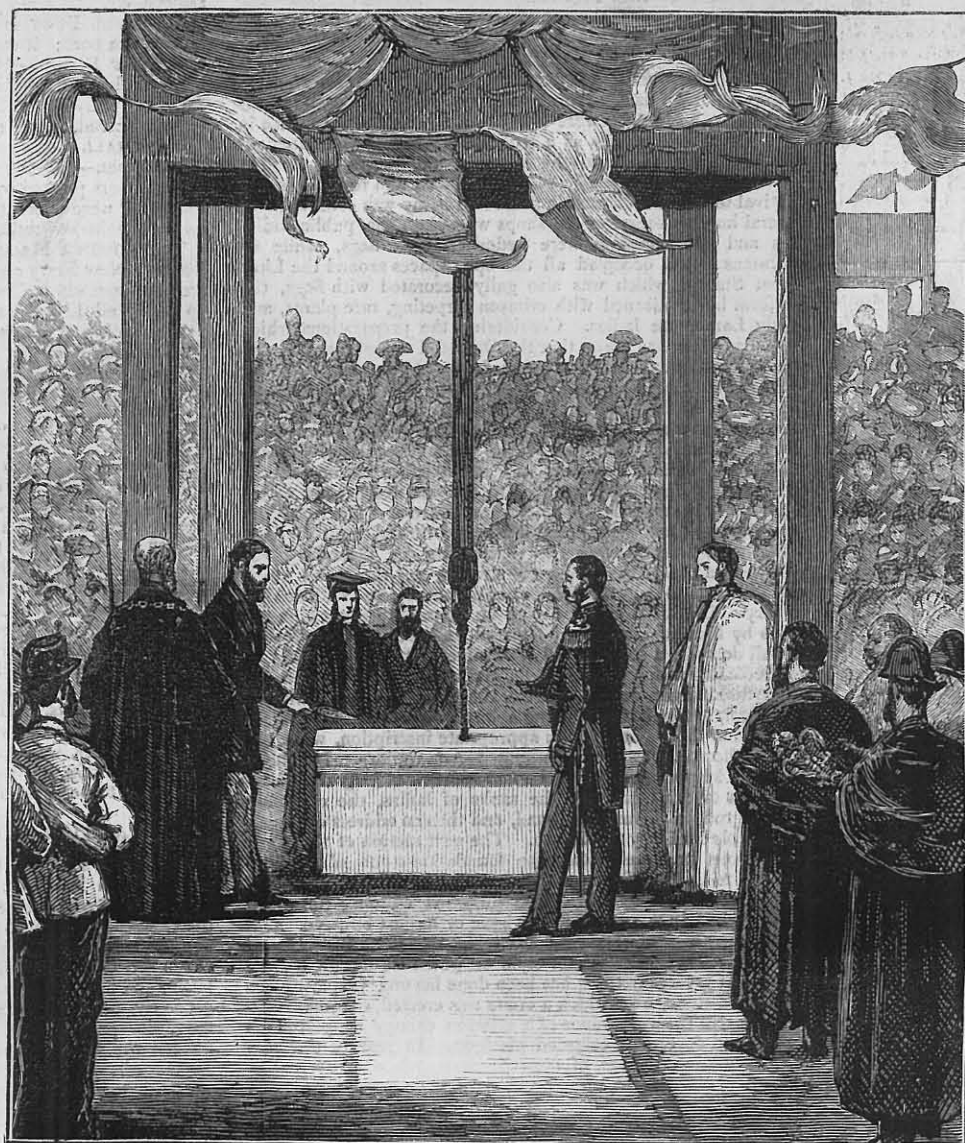
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LIVERPOOL



RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION IN THE TOWN-HALL



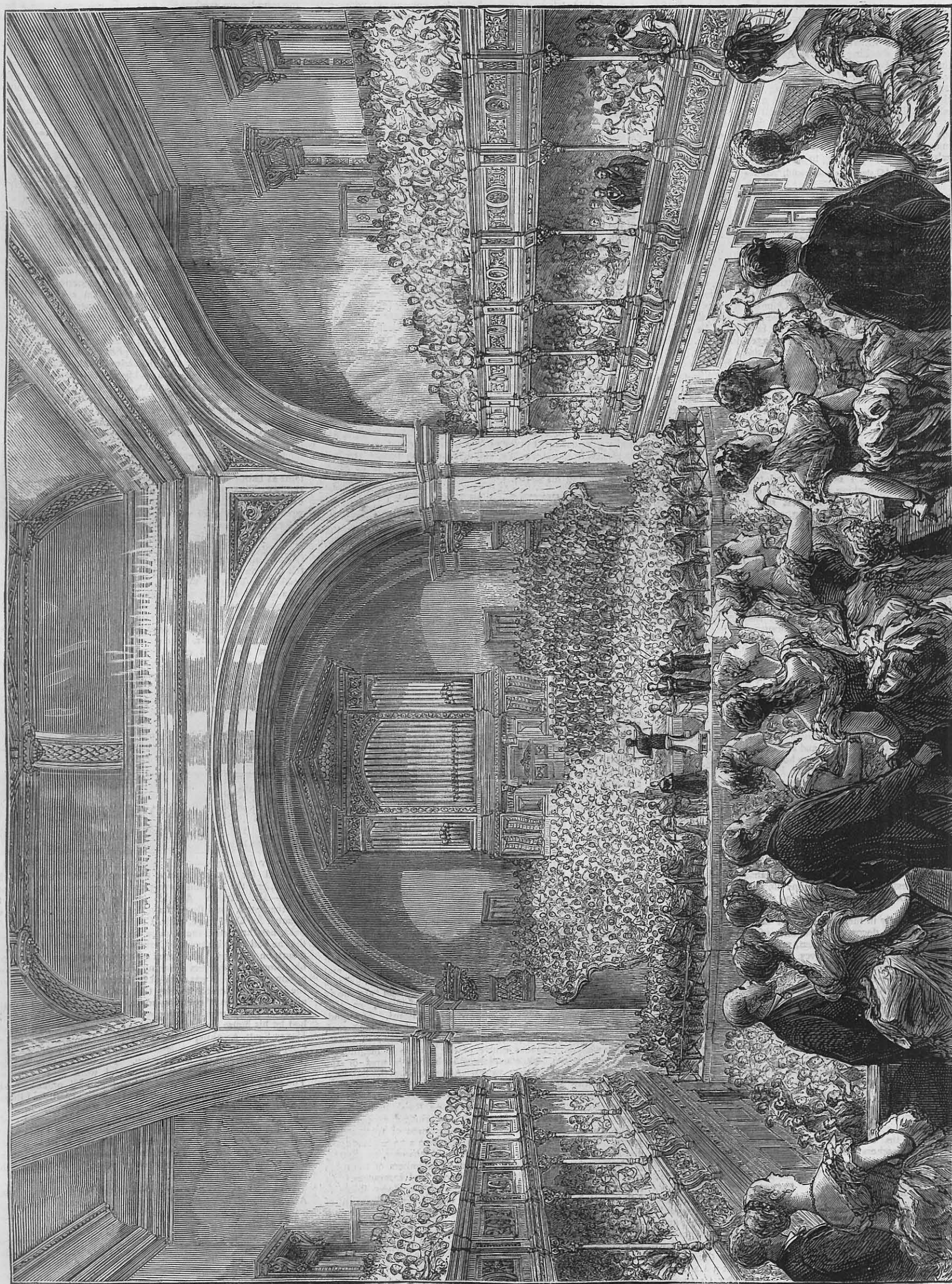
THE TROWEL USED IN THE CEREMONY—OBERSE



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WALKER ART GALLERY



THE TROWEL USED IN THE CEREMONY—REVERSE



EVENING CONCERT AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL—RECEPTION OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

I preferred to walk, but corpulent Mrs. Pickerell, the wife of the Q.C. aforesaid, was borne by porters. The road to the glacier is a perfect progress. Numerous persons lie in wait to relieve you of your small change. Before you have mounted fifty feet you are implored to refresh yourselves with milk and mountain strawberries. An elderly siren plays upon the zither, a younger siren performs a vocal accompaniment. A small boy invites you to stroke a marmot which he is nursing—ten centimes a stroke. For half a franc you can see *ein lebende Gamsbock* (a live chamois) in a little den at the back of a roadside cottage. His tameness is shocking to see, as Alexander Selkirk observed, but then he has been in confinement since babyhood, and has never sniffed the free-air of the mountain tops. Higher up, you bestow a trifle on a consumptive-looking man who sits by the wayside, and over whose head there is a label, '*Incapable de travailler.*' But he has lungs enough left to blow the Alpine horn, while the wife, a buxom dame, fires a salvo of three cannon with a red-hot poker, and the echo of the rocks plays to the tune of 150 centimes. I teased Nelly, who dotes on Long-fellow's 'Excelsior,' by trying to parody that famous lay:

'O stay,' the gamin said, 'and see
This Alpine marmot on my knee.'

Here I broke down, and began again (Nelly says my metre halts)—

A notice on a board said 'Stay
And hear the echo *des rochers.*'
Confound those bothering folks. If they
Would all mount up

Excelsior!

we should all feel much more comfortable.

"I missed my junior partner a little while since, and at last found her sketching at a very picturesque place, where the road branches off to the Schynige Platte. Opposite her was a gentleman in russet beard, blue serge, and eye-glass, also sketching. His view is an old Swiss chalet, such as is only to be seen at Interlaken, artistically ripened in hue by age and smoke. Before the house is an old cistern, at which goats stand sipping, and a woman is washing cabbages. Behind are the blue mountains, while the slanting sun sparkles on the leaves of the apple tree at the corner. I, too, am trying to sketch, but the sun is very hot, and there are swarms of children and flies. The latter buzz round us, poise over us, and bite us. I sit with a pocket handkerchief wrapped round each hand, dodging the heads of the children to get a peep at my view. Suddenly I am in pitchy darkness, eclipsed completely by an old lady, who, with a *hotte* and stack of hay on her back, stands over me, and explains that it is her house I am taking."

So far John. Have I not been kind to let John write so much, and to write nothing myself? Of course, man-like, he has left out lots of things. He has said nothing about the boarding-house where we are staying, concerning the inhabitants of which I could write a most amusing chapter; but John declares we have already written enough between us. But I will add that our rooms have a sweet private verandah all to ourselves, where I can sit and admire that lovely Queen of Mountains, the Jungfrau, about whom I have become as enthusiastic as Mrs. Pickerell herself. And I wish also to say that John is rather too severe on the poor people who exhibit marmots, and fire cannons, and so forth. He forgets the long and dreary winter which follows the short summer season; and when we are enjoying the grandest scenery in the world we should not grudge a few francs and centimes, which help the peasants to live more comfortably through the many months during which they are unvisited by tourists.

"THE LAW AND THE LADY"

MR. WILKIE COLLINS' new story is continued on page 329.

HOP-PICKING IN KENT

EVERYBODY knows that hops form an important ingredient in the Briton's favourite beverage, and most people also know that the greater parts of the native grown hops are produced in certain districts of Surrey and Kent, of which Farnham and Maidstone may be respectively regarded as the centres. The hop crops this year are light, many growers who neglected the precaution of washing their hops at the beginning of the season having suffered from an almost total blight; but though the period of picking has been exceptionally short, advanced wages have been paid. Hop-picking is one of the few rural industries which can be pursued by inexperienced town-bred persons—in fact, a certain delicacy of touch, which more often belongs to the urban worker than to the horny-handed rustic, is absolutely essential to complete success; and so from time immemorial the nomad population of London has flowed during the season into the hop-picking districts. Though these people, as a rule, are somewhat dirty and disorderly in their habits, and are regarded with no great favour by the decorous inhabitants of the districts which they visit, it is a great boon to them, not only to earn some extra money, but to obtain for themselves, their wives, and children the inestimable benefit of a few weeks of country air. In Surrey this year there have been fewer "foreigners" than usual, much of the picking being done by dwellers in the surrounding villages, who walk to and from their homes each day, and who are, of course, quite a different sort of folk from the roughs of Whitechapel. Hop-pickers, therefore, are a very motley body. Beside the decent villagers above mentioned, who keep to themselves and hold little intercourse with strangers, there are many people who have sunk into poverty from decent positions, there are costermongers and their families, there are boys of the street Arab class, who work in twos or threes, independent of parental control, there are gipsies, who are famous for their skill as pickers, there are decrepid old men and women who are paid to take care of the children of the pickers engaged at work, and, lastly, on the principle of the fleas which have other fleas that bite them, there are among the wretched, half-starved hop-pickers many loafers and beggars who live on the more industrious portion.

Now for a glance at our artist's sketches. "*En Route* for the Bricklayers' Arms Station" and "Getting Tickets" need no explanation.—"Under Fourteen" show how mothers tried to pass their strapping daughters as under fourteen when they would only pay half price. A lad of seventeen was tied up in a sack, and passed muster until he was being tumbled into the train among the other luggage, when he foolishly doubled up, and thus let the cat out of the bag.—"Early Breakfast" exhibits the coffee-stall man, who was in attendance at the station at 3 A.M., and was doubtless well-paid for his energy.—"In Our Carriage" shows our artist's companions. There were twenty-five coaches in the train well-filled with this kind of gentry.—"Dropping

Passengers." The train was too long to allow all the passengers to alight at the platform, so some had to tumble out as well as they could and carry their luggage to the ticket-taker. "Looking for a Job" needs no comment. "Picking in the Rain." All the old ladies carried their umbrellas, and when it rained, which it did pretty often, up they went, and presented rather a curious aspect, field labourers generally being unprovided with such luxuries.—"Dinner Horn." The horn was blown daily at noon, and every one was then obliged to leave off picking during the hour allotted for dinner.—"Hop-picking."—"The hop-grower," says a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "provides the bins, which are canvas bags hung on wooden panes, much in the shape of a pig's trough. Two people work at a bin, which, except in the case of working partners, is divided into two compartments. The garden is parcelled out in a manner that suggests a new multiplication table. Thus:—

Three bines make one pole,
Three poles one hill,
A hundred hills one sett,
To one sett five bins.

As soon as a sett is cleared the hops in each bin are measured up, the picker is credited with the account of his earnings, the workers take up their bins to attack another sett; and so on till the erewhile fruitful garden is a wilderness strewn with uprooted poles and faded bines.—"Hoppers at Dinner." The chief meal of the day is towards evening, when the bins are shut up for the night. Then a great fire is lighted on the common, and a carnival of tea-brewing takes place.—"Measuring." Ten of the measures went to a sack or "poke." At the side stands the "booker," who reckons the number of "pokes" due to each company.—"Cooking Shed." The fireplaces were iron bars let into the wall, on which hung iron hooks, and from these the pots were suspended. The fire was made, gipsy fashion, underneath.—"Hoppers' Houses." These were furnished with clean hay and straw, and must have been highly appreciated by weary workers.—"Packing." The machinery in the top sketch is used to press the hops into the "pocket" in the lower sketch. Round the pocket is an iron case to keep its shape. Formerly men trode the hops into the pockets, a much more laborious process.—"A Sketch through the Hedge." The dog guards its little master while the parents are away at work. The tent is an ordinary gipsy "knock-up," composed of old rags, shawls, and bits of blanket, with the grass as a flooring.—"Paying the Hop-pickers." Mr. Walter Kennard, of East Farleigh, who kindly gave our artist every assistance in his power, always paid his pickers from the window, calling up each in turn. The man who is shown inside sitting down cancelled each name as the owner received his wages.

YACHTING: A FLYING START

FOR the great mass of sight-seers, the start is usually the most exciting part of a yacht race, for the simple reason that during the remainder of the contest the competing vessels are either out of the range of vision of the spectators on shore, or are so far away that their probabilities of winning or losing cannot be observed with any distinctness. Then again as to the finish, it is seldom that the equality between sailing yachts is so precise as to bring them, like race-horses or rowing boats, within a few yards of each other, so as to render the issue of the match doubtful up to the last moment; the contest has generally been practically decided some minutes previous, and the interval which elapses between the arrival of the successive vessels at the winning-post is quite sufficient to prevent any of the breathless eagerness which characterises the close of a struggle for precedence on the turf. The start, therefore, as aforesaid, is regarded by the general public as the most interesting feature of a yacht race, and this is especially the case when there is a fresh breeze blowing, and the white-crested waves are sparkling in the sunshine. It is then by no means an easy task to get the many-winged competitors into line, they are as eager to be off as a troop of high-mettled race-horses, but skill and patience can do wonders, and at last a flash of reddish light and a puff of dense smoke, followed by a report that makes the ladies start, proclaim that the start has been accomplished, and during the next few moments all the energies of the several crews are directed to the task of getting up their canvas.

THE LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE

THOUGH not a very handsome town Liverpool is well provided with public buildings. There is St. George's Hall, with its classic outlines, there is the Town Hall, a model municipal building, there is the Philharmonic Hall, one of the most perfect *salles de concert* in the world, and, beyond all, there is the magnificent pile known as the Exchange Buildings, which are situated in the very heart of the business portion of Liverpool. They form three sides of a vast square, the rear portion of the Town Hall filling up the fourth side. This quadrilateral encloses the famous Exchange Flags, popularly known as "The Flags," and here from about 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. congregate the chief business men, the majority being young men who buy and sell cotton, and who are styled cotton salesmen. As a rule, they are British born, but amongst them are many Germans, Greeks, Americans, and East Indians, so that a Babel of tongues is constantly to be heard. Surrounding the "Flags" are porticoes, lighted from the roof, under which the *habitués* of the "Flags" take shelter in unseasonable weather. In the centre of the area is a magnificent statue of Nelson, while underneath the whole area of the "Flags" are spacious wine vaults. At one side of the buildings is situated the Stock Exchange, from which most discordant noises occasionally issue; while in the opposite wing are the Underwriters' Rooms and the Exchange News Room. The News Room is one of the largest in the world unsupported by pillars, covering—with its accessories—upwards of 1,500 square yards. The roof is vaulted, and lighted from a huge glass dome and side windows. Here congregate the shipowners, merchants, produce and metal brokers, in fact all members of the room who are not connected with cotton, shares, and insurances. At four o'clock, the hour of "High Change," the News Room is full to overflowing, and there is a constant reverberation of sound, for almost everybody present is holding an animated conversation with customers, or comparing notes with friends as to prices and prospects. Attached to the News Room are dining and luncheon rooms, lavatories, and galleries, where subscribers who like quiet and comfort can read their papers in comparative seclusion. The "Flags" are, however, the most unique sight in Liverpool, so far as commerce is concerned, and on a warm or bright day the scene is one of great animation. Boys and porters are constantly rushing past with samples of

cotton rolled up in brown paper, open at the ends; while the "salesmen," who rarely wear overcoats, are easily distinguished by pieces of cotton fluff adhering to their clothes. Cotton, though bought and sold to the extent of thousands of bales per day, is not exhibited on the "Flags," buyers and sellers, when a bargain has been struck, adjourning to the sale-room, where the samples are exhibited. As a rule these sale-rooms have a northern aspect, and are painted blue, for it requires a peculiar light and a good eye to take note of the delicate gradations which distinguish dear and cheap cotton. It is whispered that speculation on the "Flags" is not always confined to articles of commerce, and that many of the entries made in the memorandum books which all frequenters carry refer to sporting events. The present Exchange Buildings were erected in 1864 and the two following years. Mr. F. H. Wyatt, of London, was the architect; the material employed is white stone, and the style *à la Renaissance*. The cost was about 150,000*l.*, the money being found by a Limited Company, whose dividends from rents, &c., average about 6 per cent. The number of subscribers to the News Room is about 5,000, and they increase yearly with the growth of the business of the port. Our engraving is partly taken from a photograph by Mr. R. H. Dixon.

A HIGHLAND TOUR

"I was on board the *Iona*," says our artist, "going to Ardrishaig; when at Greenock the Marquis of Lorne joined us *en route* to an encampment of the Argyllshire Volunteers at Loch Gilthead. We both breakfasted in the steward's cabin, and we each paid our two shillings, at all events I know I paid mine. He was mercilessly stared at from the time he appeared on deck till he left the steamer, and an American lady (of an exceptionally vulgar type, however), even asked him for his autograph. By the way, that typical American who used to travel round the world with a pocket-comb, a revolver, and a paper collar for his sole luggage, has become an extinct animal, and has been replaced by a baggagiferous being whose *impedimenta* resemble Ossa and Pelion piled on Olympus. Such a family I encountered at the Alexandra Hotel, Oban. They had several enormous boxes, each as big as a furniture removal van, besides scores of smaller trunks, &c., and as they are to be "out" eighteen months (so Paterfamilias informed me), and will doubtless accumulate all sorts of knick-knacks as they travel, their final condition is fearful to contemplate. Oban is a favourite spot for Oxford and Cambridge students. A party of the former now and then dined at the Alexandra. I found them very intelligent fellows, except that they were addicted to go out on the bay and shoot gulls, which wasn't sport, as the gulls are as tame as barn-door fowls, and besides, add much to the beauty of the bay. These gentlemen "studied" chiefly about the pier, and evidently considered that the proper study of mankind was woman. Talking of woman, the pier-master at Ballachulish belongs to that sex. She looks after her dues very sharply, filling the breach in the gate with her body, and hardly allowing you to pass through, even after you have paid. Of the Caledonian Canal I saw little or nothing, because the rain fell in torrents, with the exception (and a glorious exception it was) of the Falls of Foyers. They are always fine, but a few days of rain had greatly increased their magnificence. I forgot to mention the Oban message boys, the pair I sketched had apparently grown out of their kilts. Nor did I see much of Inverness, as the rain continued nearly all the time. However, having a letter to Mr. Henderson, the affable secretary of the Northern Meeting, I called on him, and to raise my drooping spirits he gave me a drive to the cemetery, where we meditated for a short time. Inverness swarms with military men, you are pretty safe in addressing everyone you meet as Major. This was my third visit to the Highlands, and before and after each time the weather was splendid, but during my visit it was simply horrible."

NOTE.—We accidentally omitted to mention last week that our views of Bern and Lucerne were from photographs by Mr. W. England, of 7, St. James's Square, Notting Hill, W.



PARTY POLITICS.—Mr. Rodwell, Q.C., will probably be returned for Cambridgeshire unopposed, Mr. Powell having retired, and the Liberals having resolved not to put up a candidate.—Mr. Arthur Arnold having declined to stand for Northampton, the Liberals have put forward Mr. Fowler, the ex-member for Cambridge. Mr. C. Bradlaugh, who is still in the field, has threatened the *London Sun* with an action for stating that he had called himself a Christian.—At the City Registration Court, on Monday, the Liberal agent entered more than 1,000 objections to ratepayers claiming for "offices." After a long argument the point was decided in favour of the Conservatives, the Revising Barrister holding that the Act gave him power to alter "office" to "counting-house."—At Westminster a ratepayer of thirty years' standing was struck off the list because he had let his house for three months during the past year.—Lord Henry Scott, speaking at the annual dinner of the South Hants Conservatives, said that a lesson might be learnt from the surprise attempted at the last election. The Conservative triumph had been brought about by long, careful work in registration. The party throughout the country had been well organised, and the result was a majority in both Houses. English Liberals should take warning from the state of France and Spain.—There is a dispute between the Board of Works and a Mr. Greig as to the name to be given to a new thoroughfare at Putney; the former have ordered it to be called "Disraeli Road," but the latter having a strong objection to that name persists in putting up another appellation, "Cambridge Road." We suspect that the Board will win in the end.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—Mr. David Henry Stone, Alderman and Spectacle Maker, has been elected Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis for the coming year. Mr. Alderman Ellis and Mr. James Shaw are the new Sheriffs.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS was opened at Glasgow on Wednesday with a presidential address by Lord Rosebery, who, referring to technical education, said that the only class for which it was never proposed was that for which it was most necessary, namely our rulers. After dealing with the question of improving the condition of the working classes, and urging the necessity of education and sanitary reform, his

Lordship said that the whole universe seemed undergoing the volcanic influence of social theory. The grotesque congregation of the Shakers, the agricultural socialism of Harris, the polygamous socialism of Mormon, the lewd quackery of Free Love, the mad blank misery of Nihilism, the tragic frenzy of the Parisian Commune, were portents no observer could neglect. Never was a Social Science League so much needed as now. The night was dark and troubled, but we must labour steadfastly hoping for the dawn, united by the sympathy of the living, and animated by the example of the dead.

RAILWAY AFFAIRS.—Mrs. Coote, the twenty-fourth victim of the Thorpe disaster, died on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Mr. Beart, another passenger, died. The Board of Trade inquiry is still going on. The Coroner's inquest has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Robson, and one of negligence against Cooper, with a recommendation to the Board of Trade to lay all the facts before the Railway Commissioners. During the examination, Captain Douglas, one of the jurymen, complained of the levity of conduct displayed by Robson, and he was ordered to leave the room.—Three accidents occurred on Saturday. At Hereford two trains ran into each other, and several passengers were much hurt. At Dundalk three trains "collided," and many passengers were injured, but no deaths are reported; and at Offord, on the Great Northern, a coal train got off the line, and ran into the platform, smashing it and several trucks, and seriously hurting the guard. The day previous, a train loaded with leather and woollen goods caught fire, while on the way from Leeds to Liverpool, and about 1,000*l.* of property was destroyed.—A driver on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line has been fined 10*l.* at the Salford Police Court for neglecting to observe signals, and thereby causing a collision. Had it not been for his good character he would have been sent to prison. Another driver in the employ of the Chatham and Dover Company has been fined 6*l.* for a similar offence.—Mr. Fairbrother, a cotton spinner of Manchester, on Monday summoned the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company for a smoke nuisance, but the case fell through for want of evidence to show that the engines were not constructed so as to consume their own smoke. A clergyman at Weston-super-Mare has complained to the Guardians that some lunatics from the County Asylum were employed in altering the gauge of a railway. Judging from the frequency of accidents they are not the only mad people connected with railway enterprise.

MARINE MATTERS.—Her Majesty's troop-ship *Assistance* was launched at Blackwall, on Saturday, the youngest daughter of Admiral Mends performing the christening ceremony. The vessel is of iron, three-masted, and has accommodation for over 1,000 military officers and men. She has a wooden false keel in addition to her ordinary one, so that should she slightly touch ground no material injury would result.—News comes from Calcutta of the foundering of the steamer *Mary Grant* while at sea, in perfectly calm weather. Eight of the passengers are supposed to have been lost.—Two American gentlemen have recently succeeded in crossing Long Island Sound in a twelve-foot row-boat drawn by a kite, travelling much faster than sailing boats.—The Bessemer saloon-steamer was safely launched last week at Hull, and was christened *The Bessemer*, by Miss Bessie Wright, grand-daughter of the inventor.—On Sunday there was a very high tide on the river Taw. An embankment near Barnstaple which protected some hundreds of acres of reclaimed land was broken, and the water rushed in, drowning many head of sheep and cattle. The low-lying parts of the town were also flooded.

THE PRICE OF MEAT.—Another effort is to be made to bring meat from distant countries into England, the various methods of tinning and preserving the flesh of sheep and oxen having met with but little encouragement. The new idea is to bring the living animals over from Texas and other places where they can be bought at extremely low prices, and the loss on shipboard during heavy weather is to be obviated by a patent system of 'tween deck fittings invented by Mr. Relph.

THE LABOUR MARKET.—The seventh annual Trades Union Congress is to be held at Liverpool in January next.—Lord Rosebery has given 172*l.* 10*s.* to the Working Men's Club and Institute Union to enable them to pay off a debt which has long hampered their movements.—Some of the Cambridge and Suffolk labourers have had their wages reduced. "A Kentish Rector," writing in the *Daily News*, in reply to Mr. Fawcett, says that as the farmer is receiving 20 per cent. less for his wheat, and 30 per cent. less for his mutton, and cannot alter either rent, rates, or tithes, he is justified in lowering wages. Mr. Arch, however, thinks that the low price of farm produce is more than balanced by the increase in quantity.—Nearly all the schoolmasters of Darlington have refused to accept the reduced fees for pauper children prescribed by the Education Act, and the Board of Guardians have written to the Local Government Board for instructions what to do in the matter.—The carpet weavers of Kidderminster are complaining of the introduction of female labour, and the apprentice system, and a strike is imminent.—On Thursday week all the guards employed by the Liverpool Omnibus and Tramway Company struck work, and much inconvenience was caused to the public. Horse-keepers, checkers, and others were, however, put in their places, and the strike may be regarded as over.—The *Beehive* states that a man named Brown has been dismissed from the Post Office for having written to the papers on the management of the department.—An agitation for the abolition of Sunday postal deliveries has been started in Birmingham. The inhabitants are to be canvassed on the subject by a committee appointed for the purpose.

A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM, accompanied by much rain, visited London on Wednesday night, coming on suddenly about 10 P.M., the weather having been very clear and fine until then.—At Jersey there was also a terrific storm on the same night. Other parts of the British Isles appear to have enjoyed fine weather.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, numbering 1,137, against 1,242 registered during the previous seven days, and no less than 227 below the average, being at the rate of 17 per 1,000—a lower rate than has prevailed during any week since June, 1873. The deaths from measles increased from 6 to 13, but scarlet fever decreased from 105 to 75. There were 8 from diphtheria, 14 from whooping-cough, 33 from fever, and 29 from diarrhoea, but not one from small-pox, the deaths from the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class thus declining from 213 to 172. The births numbered 2,216, against 2,314 during the previous week, being 117 below the average. The temperature was 60·1 deg., an excess of 4·9 deg. over the average.



THE production at DRURY LANE of *Richard Cœur de Lion* is one of the most successful events of the season. The piece is magnificently mounted; indeed, we do not remember to have seen a play so lavishly furnished. Mr. Halliday has done his work with great ability, and has woven the materials of the story into a concise play. The familiar incidents of *The Talisman* need no retelling; they are all found in due sequence, and the most popular bit of acting in the whole piece is the gallant defence of the standard by the admirably trained dog. This noble animal goes through his part as though he understood the dramatic intention of the piece, and in the later scene, where he recognises Conrad de Montserrat as the destroyer of the standard, he flies at his throat and pulls him down to the ground, to the intense delight of the audience. No one in the company was so popular as the dog. *Richard Cœur de Lion* is very well acted throughout. The King is finely played by Mr. Anderson, whose sturdy build well expresses the bulk and sinew of the Lion Heart. Sir Kenneth has a goodly representative in Mr. Terriss, a young actor whose slim form and modesty of demeanour were in perfect keeping with the character he assumes. Miss Wallis bears the palm in the rôle of Edith Plantagenet. No acting could be more graceful or pleasant than hers. Her tenderness in the love scenes is deep, her vigour in the denunciation of the king's cruelty no less well sustained. Through all she carried with her the sympathies of the audience, and the applause was a continuous tribute to her ability. The other leaders of the Crusade were all well played.—Mr. Dolman as the Archduke of Austria, Mr. Kemble as Philip of France, Mr. Sinclair as Conrad de Montserrat, and Mr. Vaughan as the Grand Master of the Templars, were all effective. Mr. Matthison made a good Blondel, and sang a song in praise of the banner with good effect. The scenery was splendid. A view of the desert, with Crusaders encamped on the open plain, resulted in a call for Mr. Beverly; another excellent scene was the entrance to Damascus, where a *fête* was taking place, the stage crowded with tumblers and miscellaneous performers. The interior of the Chapel of Engaddi was another triumph; a magnificent altar glowed with light and with gold and silver plate; a procession of acolytes, priests, monks, nuns, and choristers passed before it, and incense filled the air. The interiors of the tents and pavilions were also fine pictures. *Richard Cœur de Lion* is evidently fated to enjoy a long run.

The season opened at the GLOBE Theatre on Saturday evening with the performance of Mr. John Oxenford's skilful adaptation of Mrs. Henry Wood's well-known novel, *East Lynne*. The double part of Lady Isabel Carlyle and Madame Vine was gracefully played by Miss Ada Ward, who gave a spirited rendering of the attorney's divorced wife, and showed a genuine power of pathos. Her performance, however, was rather marred by a want of ease, and ill-regulated expression of emotion, notably in the opening act, but these are faults which experience and study will help her to overcome. Some of the other characters are scarcely so satisfactorily represented, but a decided exception must be made in favour of Bullock, the policeman, very humorously rendered by Mr. G. Barrett. *East Lynne* was followed by the lively opera-bouffe *Vert-Vert*. The music is sprightly, the costumes pretty, and the piquant rendering of Ferdinand by Mdlle. C. Dubois promise to amuse audiences as long as the bouffe holds its place on the boards.

On Monday Mr. H. B. Farnie's new *folie musicale*, entitled *Loo, and the Party who took Miss*, was brought out successfully at the STRAND. It is not very easy to describe the plot. There is a wine-grower and ex-notary, who permits any number of suitors to aspire to his daughter's hand, but rejects them if at any period during a twelvemonth they fail to reach his severe moral standard, which forbids even the smoking of a cigar. In this way all the aspirants are weeded out, save one, Emilion, a miserable-looking, low-spirited wight, who acts as Tabardon's cellarman, and has never done anything wrong in his life. But as Loo, the daughter, dislikes him, a plot is formed to inveigle him into giddy company. How it succeeds we need not say here, it is sufficient to add that the piece abounds in amusing action, songs, and dances, and the dialogue is a sparkle of witticisms from beginning to end. Miss Angelina Claude as Bagatelle, the *prima donna* of a travelling opera troupe, showed the same originality which made her such a favourite in *Nemesis*, and was the life and soul of the extravaganza; Miss Lottie Venne played the "Loo" of the title. M. Marius is excellent as the mysterious Italian, Rimbombo, who makes a fresh will before every duel, and terrifies poor Tabardon (Mr. H. Cox) out of his wits. Mr. H. St. Maur is a most fascinating and graceful operatic tenor, Miss Kate Phillips is full of life as the bustling *coiffeur*, while Mr. E. Terry depicts the most dismal specimen of the Joey Ladle tribe to be found in any cellar between the North Sea and the Gulf of Lyons. The music of the piece is excellent.

Miss Emily Soldene and opera-bouffe having departed from the Lyceum, the theatre re-opened on Monday evening with Mr. Henry Irving in his famous character of Mathias in *The Bells*, which will continue to be performed pending the production of *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Irving's appearance in the character of the Prince of Denmark is looked forward to with some curiosity.—Madame Beatrice at the Haymarket has revived the version of Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, in which she has already appeared in London. The comedy is preceded by a little drama in one act, from the pen of Mr. Arthur à Beckett, which bears the title of *Faded Flowers*, and is remarkable for neatness of construction and well-written dialogue.—The performances at the Opera Comique, of which Mr. Du Terreaux's version of Gaston Serpette's *Broken Branch* is the chief feature, are now supplemented by a bright and pretty ballet-divertissement, the music of which has been composed by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. The ballet is produced under the direction of Mons. Espinosa.—Mr. J. S. Clarke's engagement at the Adelphi will come to a close this evening, when Madame Celeste will reappear in the perennial *Green Bushes* for a short season.—*Ship-a-Hoy*, the new nautical "Plimssoll" drama, will be produced to-night at the Surrey. It is a dramatised version of Mr. G. M. Fenn's popular story under that title.—The Holborn Theatre re-opens this evening

with a racing drama entitled *Newmarket, a Legend of the Turf*. The new manager is Mr. Guiver, late of the Princess's, who, mindful of the success of Mr. Boucicault's Turf drama, *Flying Scud*, will make one more effort, and we hope a successful one, to revive the former prosperity of this somewhat unfortunate house.—The benefit for the sons of the late Mr. W. R. Crauford, of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, is announced for Wednesday next at that establishment.



"HATRED" is the title of M. Sardou's forthcoming play. "GIROFLÉ GIROFLA" is to be produced in Paris early in November.

SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS per month is the revenue of the Suez Canal.

TELL'S CHAPEL at Kussnacht is being restored, and the frescoes on the walls touched up.

A FÊTE in aid of the Hospital Saturday Fund has been organised by the directors of the Crystal Palace for October 5th.

THE LION of Northumberland House was elevated to his new post on the top of Sion House, Isleworth on Tuesday. It can be seen from the river.

EIGHT NEW PICTURES by Boucher and Coypel have been added to the Louvre. They are the gift of the Marquis de Chennevières, the Directeur des Beaux Arts, and are placed in the Salle Lebrun.

"POLYPHEMUS" is the latest sobriquet of M. Gambetta, at least so insinuates the Paris *Figaro*, which remarks that Polyphemos, like the "Young Dictator," had but one eye, while the composition of the Cyclop's name signifies "much cry."

A YOUNG ACTRESS recently remarked to an impatient author who had been waiting for her at a rehearsal of his pet play, "I am very sorry, but your coadjutor delayed me." "What!" cried the dramatist indignantly, "the piece is by me alone." "Indeed, and how about the milliner?" was the laughing reply.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' PRISON at Sheffield is now restored and open to the public. The building was used as a farmhouse, and it was only lately that some workmen discovered behind some stucco a doorway and spiral staircase which led to a guard-room and kitchen on the ground floor, and above a large apartment used by the unfortunate Queen as a State room.

COAL has been discovered in the territory of the Cossacks of the Don, and a brisk trade is springing up in the Sea of Azof in this invaluable mineral, for which contracts for thousands of tons can now be executed, while in 1870 scarcely 50 tons could be purchased. So fast is the trade prospering that it bids serious competition with English coal for steamers passing through the Suez Canal.

A NEW FIELD FOR FEMALE ELOQUENCE has been opened in Russia. Ladies are proverbially fond of hearing themselves talk, so those who, like Midshipman Easy, wish to "argue the case" should go to Voronège, where an advocate of the gentle sex recently defended a man accused of theft. Whether the modern Portia's appeal for the "quality of mercy" was successful is not stated.

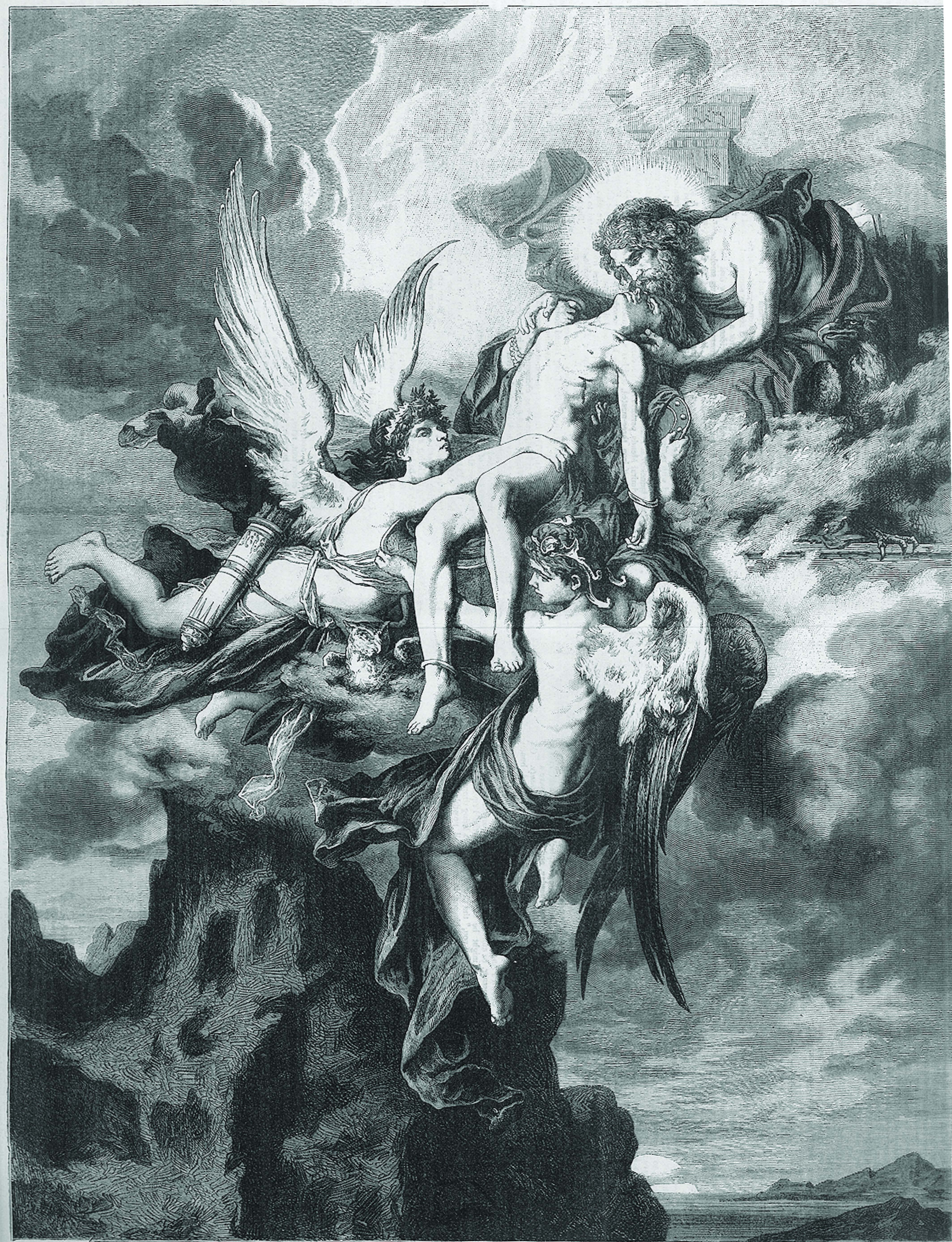
THE LATE ALEXANDER DUMAS is said by the Paris *Figaro* to have left behind him an unpublished romance of the most thrilling interest. The work is the dowry of a little girl in whom the novelist felt a great interest, and as, dying poor, he could give her no money, he bequeathed her the romance, reckoning that after his death its value would be trebled, and would provide his *protégé* with a handsome dot.

"GUP" in Calcutta has reached such a fearful pitch as to draw down upon it the censure of the church. An English clergyman actually announced from the pulpit his intention of forming an "Anti-Evil-speaking Society," declaring that the shameful habit of scandal prevailing in the European community ought to be put down. By way of setting a good example the preacher vowed never again to speak ill of his neighbours.

PARIS TOURISTS who luxuriate in *café noir* or *au lait* should read the following startling revelations from the Prefect of Police regarding the composition of some coffees in our sister capital:—Composition 1:—grilled bread and coffee husks; 2, chicory powder, sand, pounded brick, and red ochre; 3, roasted chicory powder, softened with rancid butter, and coloured with Prussian red; 4, toasted cabbage-stalks and roasted horse-liver.

PRINCE BISMARCK has met his match at last, if we are to believe the *Ulk* of Berlin, and the wily Chancellor has been overcome—not, indeed, by his brother diplomatists, but by a sturdy Pomeranian maiden. At a recent harvest *fête* on the Prince's estate at Varzin, the Prince and Princess and their household were present at the ball. During the dancing the great statesman asked one of his domestics, a fair Gretchen, to waltz with him. Gretchen, however, was young and strong, and so whirled and dazed her partner that he speedily succumbed, and fairly sank down in a state of bewilderment. Thus a simple servant girl has succeeded in doing what none of the great Powers of Europe could accomplish—overpowering and turning the brain of the Man of Iron.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION is occupying a large share of public attention just now. The Austrian explorers have returned to Vienna, while in our own country the steamship *Diana*, in which Mr. Leigh Smith made an Arctic trip last year, has just come home from a voyage to unknown regions. The vessel, commanded by Captain Wiggins, started in June to try and reach the Gulf of Obi, by way of the Kara Sea, in order to ascertain whether commerce between Europe and Central Asia could not be carried on as far as the confines of Tartary. The *Diana* proceeded to the east coast of the Kara Sea, where there was no snow and the land appeared like a new mown lawn, with moss and flowers, and after being delayed by ice at Lutke Island, arrived at the mouth of the Gulf of Obi, on the 5th August. After going some distance up the Gulf, the boisterous weather and the advanced season obliged the expedition to turn back, and they returned to the Kara Sea, and thence through the Waigate Straits, down to Hammerfest. Captain Wiggins considers that the Kara Sea is open and entirely free of ice till the middle of October, and that steam communication might well be carried on between England and the Obi. The *Diana* ascended the Gulf of Obi higher than any previous vessel, the latitudes and longitudes reached being 76 deg. N. and 86 deg. E.



DEATH AND SLEEP BEARING TO JUPITER THE BODY OF SARPEDON

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. HENRI LEVY IN THE LATE PARIS SALON



FRANCE.—Electioneering, past, present, and future, is absorbing all classes and all parties. Electioneering past, in the triumph of the Republicans in the Monarchical stronghold of the Maine-et-Loire; electioneering present, in the struggle for the mastery in the Provincial Councils General, a good half of which are to be chosen to-morrow; electioneering future in prognostications of how the eleven pending elections to the Assembly will turn out, and particularly the four to be held on the 18th inst. The Republicans are in high feather over their victory last Sunday. M. Maillé, their candidate, polled 51,000 votes against 48,000 obtained by M. Bruas, the Government nominee, and 6,100 votes more than he secured on the 13th inst., when his majority was not sufficient to legalise his election. The Bonapartist candidate retired from the field in favour of M. Bruas, and had thus enabled him to run his opponent very close. This union of Septennalists and Bonapartists has given immense offence to Royalists and Republicans, and is reckoned on all sides as another mistake on the part of the Government, and another stroke of policy on the part of the Bonapartists. The latter by a sacrifice of little importance—the success of their candidate being hopeless—have secured the right to claim the Government's assistance for a Napoleonic candidate in the absence of a Septennalist, and a case is already in point, as the Government is now lending its aid to the Bonapartist nominee in the Pas de Calais, M. Delisse Legrand, in preference to the Monarchical and Republican candidates. This coalition with the Bonapartists has cost the Septennate many valuable supporters who were willing enough to maintain a provisional *régime* which professed, like its President, to be "above all parties," and, therefore, impartial alike to all. At the prospect, however, of a coalition with one of the most dangerous of the claimants to power, Royalists and Republicans alike at once raise the old cry "To your tents," adding "We bargained to support the Indefinite, *i.e.*, the Septennate. If we are to have the Definite it shall be our own *régime*, not the Empire, thank you."

The two great Republican leaders have broken silence this week, M. Gambetta, with a long-winded, though powerful, effusion, in the *République Française*, anent the Councils General, and M. Thiers in a speech at Grenoble (where he has been staying *en route* for Turin), in which he exhorted his hearers to establish the Republic since they could not establish the Monarchy. M. Gambetta also took the failure of the Monarchists as his text, and thence deduced the triumph of the Republicans. He insisted upon the importance of the Councils-General elections not only as foreshadowing the results of the Parliamentary elections—but more particularly as it was the duty of these provincial assemblies to educate democratically the new social strata, *i.e.*, the artisan, the tradesman, and that heterogeneous class the *petite bourgeoisie*. He concludes with the somewhat hackneyed remark, "that it is high time for France to acquire a settled and definitive Government." There is one thing which weighs greatly in favour of the Republicans just now with the generality of the country. Monarchists want to set Henry V. at the head of affairs, Imperialists wish to proclaim Napoleon IV., but all that the Republicans at present profess to want appears at first sight to be no more than a change of name. MacMahon by all means, they say, but as President of a permanent Republic instead of a temporary Septennate.

The Clericals are in despair at the removal of the French gunboat which has been so long maintained at Civita Vecchia, nominally for the use of Pius IX., should his Holiness wish to leave Rome, but in reality as a sort of reminder to the Italians that France still considered herself the guardian of the Church, and would resent any attempt at aggression on the Vatican. The *Orenouque* has thus been a terrible eyesore to the Italians, and her departure will be hailed with universal satisfaction.

Leaving politicians and politics, there are plenty of minor items this week. Paris has been grumbling over the extraordinary heat and storm of this week; rejoicing in the decision of the Bank to replace the twenty-franc notes by gold; reading Colonel Stoffel's pamphlet on the war—in which he defends his conduct, impugned at the Bazaine trial, abuses everybody, and brings out some startling revelations tending to throw the blame of the misfortunes of France on Orleanist intrigues; talking over M. Emile Olivier and his election, as the last admitted member, to the Chancery of the Académie; and going to the grand gala performance in "honour" (*i.e.*, in aid, only the French are too polite to say so), of that veteran actress Mlle. Déjazet, at the opera. Nearly every actor and actress of note took part in the performance, and certainly everybody of celebrity in Paris formed one of the audience. The sum raised—in addition to the inevitable lottery—amounted to about 2,400*l.*

From the provinces we hear of the journey of M. Thiers to Turin, of a gold medal presented to him by the young men of Roumania, and of a letter written to them telling them to be good boys, to stick to study, progress, order, and perseverance, and so attain the right kind of Liberty. The old statesman, for the first time, here acknowledges himself at the end of his career. We wonder whether if the eleven forthcoming elections turn up light pink he will still think so, at all events he promised last week to found the Republic, with the help of "his friend Casimir Périer."—At Chartres a murderer has actually been executed. To be sure he killed five persons, but then he has been three years about it—surely a sufficiently extenuating circumstance for a French jury.—Boulogne is prospecting a new deep sea harbour and pier for the convenience of huge ferry boats of the *Bessemer* and *Castalia* class. The cost is estimated at 500,000*l.*, and a commission is now talking it over.

GERMANY.—The "burning question" of North Schleswig, and the expulsion of Danish subjects and sympathisers, is being actively discussed, and the asserted protest of Denmark energetically denied. The right of Germany to turn out whom she likes from her territory is stoutly maintained throughout, but there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether or no Prince Bismarck intends to ask Denmark to join the German Confederation—an invitation reminding one of a poem respecting a spider, his parlour, and a fly.—Church and State continue their warfare; Bishop Martin has declined to lay down his office at the request of the President of Westphalia, and declares that he will in no manner accept a verdict of dismissal from the newly-organised Ecclesiastical Court, as no public functionary having

given him his bishopric none could take it from him—all very well in theory, but how about the imprisoned bishops at Coblenz, Bishop Martin?

There has been a meeting of the delegates of the German party in Wurtemberg, at which innumerable resolutions in favour of Imperial legislation and Teutonic unity were passed.—At Wiesbaden a Protestant Congress has been opened, and at Breslau the Congress of Naturalists have been holding their annual congress. One of the principal subjects discussed has been cremation. Dr. Reclam, of Leipsic, described a new burning apparatus, in which a horse could be consumed in two hours, and with 4*s.* worth of fuel. By this system the dead of Gravelotte, horses and men alike, might in four days have been rendered a heap of harmless white ashes. He demonstrated his theory by burning the body of an old woman who had died in the hospital; it took an hour to consume the softer parts of the body, and another to calcine the bones.—At Berlin there has been an exhibition of educational appliances by the Teachers' Association, and one of all materials necessary for the construction of a house, from the pencil and paper whereon to draw the plan down to the bronze knocker and the marble mantel-piece.

Emperor William is going to Baden-Baden on Monday.—It is stated that he has written to the King of Italy expressing his regret at not being able to return his visit as he intended.—It is rumoured that the German Government, startled by the immense military preparations of Russia and France, have determined upon a Bill providing for the embodiment in time of war of a large class of men hitherto not included in the line.—The German Parliament re-opens on the 18th inst.

SPAIN.—No military news of any importance from General Moriones who is still before Pampeluna, and the Carlists are there facing him. There is a rumour of an engagement, in which the Carlists have been defeated, but no trustworthy intelligence whatever of the fighting for the past week. There appear to have been actions on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, in which the Republicans first had the advantage, and then the Carlists, both sides ultimately leaving off very much where they began. The latest intelligence is given by the correspondent of *The Times* as "furious rain, in which no Spanish man or gun can work." From Guadalupe, however, we hear of a rout of 1,500 Carlists under Villalain, while Don Alphonso is stated to be flying towards Teruel, pursued by the Republicans. The Carlists have been burning stations and robbing the diligence as usual, and have threatened to shoot another German journalist when they catch him, but have allowed Mr. Layard, the English Minister, to reach Madrid in safety.—Marshal Bazaine and his wife have decided to stay the winter at Madrid.—The German fleet are cruising off Santander and Ferrol, but have not as yet had any occasion for serious work.

AUSTRIA.—The members of the Austrian North Pole Expedition have been warmly received and fêted at Vienna. At the stations *en route* were deputations of welcome, together with bands of music and thousands of spectators. At Vienna there was a public reception and a procession through the streets. The Expedition started from Bremerhaven on the 13th June, 1872, the object being to find a north-eastern passage towards the coast of Siberia. On the 21st August their vessel, the *Tegthoff*, which had been built specially for Arctic service, became icebound, and never got free again. From that time the vessel was in the greatest possible danger of being crushed by the ice fields round the berg in which she was enclosed, and until the end of February, 1873, the members of the expedition were in hourly expectation of meeting their death. During the ensuing summer they made great efforts to get the vessel off the ice, but found it impossible, there being thirty feet of ice underneath her keel. Towards the end of October the berg drifted close to some high land, became fixed, and then (lat., 79° 51' N., long., 58° 56' W.), the expedition spent the winter taking observations, and exploring the country. On the 25th May last the members of the expedition decided to start homewards without the ship, and made their way with sledges and boats to the Barents Isles, where, on the 29th of August, they were picked up by the Russian schooner *Nicolay*, which took them to Sardoë, on the 2nd September. The London Geographical Society have written to the kindred association of Vienna placing Herren Payer and Weyprecht, the leaders of the expedition, in the first rank of Arctic explorers. A second expedition will be despatched next summer for the purpose of ascertaining whether the newly discovered territory—which has been called Franz-Joseph land—is an island or portion of a continent.—Herr Francis Deak is in better health than for some time past, the rumours of his desperate state are contradicted.

UNITED STATES.—More complete details of the conflict between the blacks and the whites in New Orleans and Louisiana contain little materially new from what we have already gleaned from the telegrams, save that President Grant had made every preparation to put down the insurrection by arms if necessary. Lieut.-General Sheridan was ordered to be in readiness to proceed to New Orleans, the commanders of numerous infantry regiments were directed to hold themselves in readiness, the Quartermaster-General was instructed to see there was no delay in furnishing the necessary transportation, while the ironclads at West Point were ready to be towed to New Orleans. If all this had not been sufficient, the President stated that he would have called upon the Northern States to furnish State troops. "In a word," he declared, "I shall deal with this trouble as I should have dealt with the trouble of 1861." The contending parties in Louisiana have now signed a compromise guaranteeing a fair and peaceful election of State officers in November.—The International Rifle Match between the Irish and American teams took place on the 26th and 27th ult., the Americans winning by 326 against 317 points. At the last round the excitement was intense, both sides being even with the Americans to fire. The Irish lost by one of their number scoring a bull's-eye—in true Hibernian fashion—on the wrong target.—The Memphis cotton crop is 45 per cent. below last year.

AUSTRALIA.—There has been a Ministerial reconstruction in Victoria, owing to the third reading of the new Constitution Bill having been carried only by 35 to 33 votes. Mr. Francis, the Chief Secretary, was recommended by his doctors to resign on account of ill health, and accordingly Mr. Kerford, the Attorney-General, was entrusted with the task of remodelling the Cabinet.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Bengal famine is now deemed at an end, the next special famine narrative, due in a few days, will close the series.—Notwithstanding the purchase of arms by the Chinese it is thought that there will be no war after all with the Japanese, as the latter have made an offer to settle the question by handing over all the territory to China if the latter will acknowledge that Japan was in the right when she took the law

into her own hands. The Chinese Ministers are also said to be disposed to settle the affairs peacefully if possible, though the people are most demonstratively warlike.—There has been an unprecedentedly violent typhoon at Hong Kong, many vessels being wrecked and a large number of houses destroyed. The loss of life is estimated at a thousand.



COURT news is still mainly confined to the provinces, as the Duchess of Edinburgh has been the sole representative of Royalty in town this week. The Queen, with her three youngest children, are still at Balmoral, and Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice have made a trip to the Glassall Shiel, where they stayed three days, the Duke of Connaught joining them to lunch one day. The Queen and her daughter returned to the Castle on Saturday, and next morning went with the Duke of Connaught to the service at Crathie Church. The Princess Beatrice rides out daily with her brother, the Duke of Connaught, and Her Majesty takes her accustomed drives.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children will not be back in England until the end of this month. They are having a most enjoyable visit to Denmark, and have been to all the various sights of Copenhagen and the neighbourhood. One evening they spent at the Tivoli Gardens, where the Princess especially had a most warm reception. The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark were to leave on Wednesday for Sweden to have a week's elk-shooting with King Oscar. On their return home the Prince and Princess are going to visit Birmingham. They will first, however, stay a few days with the Earl of Aylesford at Packington Hall, Coventry. The Prince has accepted the Grand Mastership of the Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of England.

The Duke of Edinburgh's long-promised visit to Liverpool has been paid this week. The Duke arrived early on Monday afternoon. Full particulars will be found in "Our Illustrations," but we may mention that, amongst other things, on Monday he laid the foundation stone of the Walker Art Gallery. Next morning he was at the opening of the Festival at the Philharmonic Hall, spent the afternoon at Leasow Castle, the seat of Sir Edward Cust, and the evening at the concert in the Philharmonic Hall. On Wednesday morning the Duke was again at the Festival, and in the afternoon opened the Seamen's Orphan Institution in Newsham Park. After a farewell visit to the Festival on Thursday morning, the Duke went home to London. During her husband's absence the Duchess on Tuesday went to the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The Empress of Austria has left us, after a stay of nine weeks in the Isle of Wight. Some steeplechases were held in her honour near Ventnor on Tuesday, and Her Majesty gave a gold and silver cup to the winner, Mr. Bungey's mare *Beauty*. On Thursday the Empress and her little daughter started homewards amidst much regret.—Prince Frederick William of Prussia has entered the second class of a gymnasium at Cassel. The Crown Prince and Princess went to the teacher of the class, Dr. Heussner, to announce their son's arrival, and begged that no ceremony might be observed, and that the Prince might be addressed as "you," the title of Highness being dropped. The Prince admonished his son to acquire all possible knowledge, and strive to satisfy his masters.—The Duchess of Teck laid the first stone of a new church at East Twickenham on Monday. The Duke of Teck also opened the new Hythe Railway on Thursday.—The Prince Imperial has returned to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he now occupies the twelfth place in the first class.



LORD RIPON'S CONVERSION.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon has issued an address to the people of that city, reminding them that they do not know what strange doctrines must be accepted by those who go over to Rome, what unproved miracles must be believed, what liberty of thought and action relinquished, and what political subservience and social prostration accepted in order to become subject to the Pope. Romanism is not a rejection but a corruption of Christianity, receiving all the fundamental truths of the Word of God, but intermingling them with, and contradicting and practically superseding them by, human traditions. Discrimination is indispensable, and a course of discriminating sermons is to be preached in the Cathedral on Sunday evenings. The Bishop of the diocese commences the course to-morrow, with a discourse on the one, true, and only rule of faith for a Christian.—It is said that the Pope's present to the Marquis of Ripon is a magnificent silver crucifix, the pedestal of which contains a very precious relic. The *Rock* is sorry to see some Protestant names in the list of guests at Lord Ripon's Yorkshire seat. After breakfast on Sunday, it says, the company bifurcates, some going to the Protestant Cathedral in Ripon, and others to the Romish Mass-house. The *Church Herald* stigmatises this announcement as indecent.

DANGERS OF THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Manchester, preaching last week, at Grappenhall, near Warrington, said that there were things in the Church which must cause much anxiety to every thoughtful and loyal son of hers. Perhaps, the greatest was the absence too often from among them of the "charity which thinketh no evil," and that moderation of which St. Paul spoke. The clergy must get rid of the notions that they were autocrats in their parishes, and that the lay people had no right to have opinions of their own upon ecclesiastical matters. People now thought they knew the law as well as the priests, and it was, therefore, the worst of all times for asserting priestly prerogatives, or attempting to exercise influence in the way of authority over men's consciences and understandings. A man would always gain over his fellow-men all the influence he ought to have if he were a faithful and a godly man. No mortal could bear a more glorious title than that of "Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ," and in the face of dangers on every side—from the aggressions of Romanism, the insidious attacks of scepticism

under the false name of science, the uprooting of old maxims of loyalty and filial obedience, the growth of wealth and luxury, and the general distemperature of men's minds, it was more than ever necessary to present fearlessly, fully, and frankly, yet continually, patiently, and wisely to man's heart and conscience the great and essential principles of Christianity.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.—His Grace the Archbishop of York, in dedicating the new chapel of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Asylum on Saturday last, in his sermon said that though those who lived by the sea had great opportunities of understanding and appreciating the goodness of God, there was after all a great deal to make them forget His goodness, and to render necessary words like those of the Prophet Hosea, "He doth not know that I gave him corn and wine, and multiplied his silver and his gold." The world as a whole would, however, never believe the ingenious reasoning of the men of science who tell us that all things go on according to fixed and immutable laws. There was something deeper in our nature, and we could not help knowing from time to time that we are in the house and family of God, and dependent upon His fatherly care for all we are, and have, and hope to be.—Mr. Boord, M.P., in presenting the prizes at the Presbyterian School, Woolwich, delivered an address in which he expressed his regret that some eminent men of science were setting themselves in antagonism to religion, and instilling their mischievous doctrines into the minds of the young and thoughtless. He advised his hearers to banish at once any doubts which might arise or be suggested as to the truth of revealed religion. He had himself dabbled in all the "ologies," and felt it a duty to put others on their guard against the allurements and dangers of the pleasant cup of knowledge.

VARIOUS.—Last Sunday evening a Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. L. Bagshawe.—It is announced that legal proceedings are about to be taken against the incumbent of a church at Clifton by one of his parishioners, to whom he has refused the Sacrament because he neither believes in the personality of the devil nor in eternal punishment. Bishop Ellicott has said that the circumstances do not justify the refusal, and the *Church Herald* says that doubtless some Anglican bishops would be ready to communicate the Devil himself, should he appear at the altar-rails.—At the opening of the Diocesan Conference last week the Bishop of Lincoln, in defending his conduct in the recent controversy as to the title of Wesleyan minister said that had he sacrificed his principles he might have won the applause of the world.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has supplemented his recent defence of smoking in a letter in which he says that he has often been relieved of intense pain, had his brain soothed, and obtained refreshing sleep by a cigar. He has felt grateful to God and blessed His name, and this was what he meant by the phrase "Smoke to the glory of God." To the statement that his open avowal will lessen his influence he replies that if he has gained any through being thought different to what he is, he has no wish to retain it.—Last Sunday a pastoral from Cardinal Cullen was read in all the Roman Catholic churches in Dublin, denouncing with great emphasis the introduction in a theatrical performance of a "shameful burlesque of Catholic religious ceremonies," and forbidding the faithful to visit the theatre. *Il Talismano* at the Dublin Theatre has in consequence been this week represented without the chapel scene.—An extraordinary scene of violence took place in the Preston parish church on Tuesday. A tradesman's daughter, who was about to be married, had scarcely entered the church with the bridal party when her father and brother rushed in, and tried to force her away, the father accusing her of stealing a gold watch which she was wearing, and saying that she had lost 3,000*l.* by marrying without his consent. They were at last persuaded to leave the church, and the wedding ceremony was performed.—A correspondent of the *Church Herald* complains of the deception practised in Chester Cathedral, where it seems the altar candles are not genuine, but only cunningly devised tubes of white china, through which gas is transmitted.—The Brighton Church Congress opens on Tuesday next, under the presidency of the bishop of the diocese. It will continue for four days, and a variety of subjects discussed.



THE LIVERPOOL TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—After a lapse of no less than thirty-eight years, the influential inhabitants of Liverpool and its vicinities have determined to establish on their own account a musical festival which, like the festivals at Birmingham, Norwich, and the three Cathedral towns of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, shall take place triennially. Liverpool has done wisely. It has always been more or less of a musical town, and as a material aid to progress it has for a long time enjoyed the co-operation of Sir Julius Benedict—just as much the musical king of Liverpool as Mr. Charles Hallé is musical king of Manchester. The festival began on Tuesday with a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*—an appropriate choice, because, as far back as 1836, Liverpool was first to introduce it to the English public. In the evening of the same day there was a miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music, in which Madame Adeline Patti and Mdlle. Albani took part as solo vocalists without doing that which so many desired, combining their mellifluous voices in a duet. On Wednesday morning there was a programme made out of selections from Haydn's *Creation*, and three of the oratorios of Handel, added to Gounod's mass, "SS. Angeli Custodes,"—not, as it had been announced, conducted by the author, but by Sir Julius Benedict, a worthier substitute than whom M. Gounod himself could hardly have desired. In the evening, among other pieces calculated to excite general interest the programme contained the "Marionette" March of the same composer, together with the music written for the drama of *Jeanne d'Arc*. Thursday morning was to be entirely devoted to Mr. Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh doubtless exercised a beneficial influence on the fortunes of this, the first Liverpool "triennial festival," and the fact that, in addition to all the other work he had to get through, he contrived to be present at both morning and evening concerts, says no little for his endurance. He bore the trial manfully, however, and, if we may judge by demonstrations, never made himself more universally a favourite. Nothing but the presence

of the Duchess of Edinburgh was needed to complete the popular enthusiasm. We hear that the managing committee of the Liverpool Festival have already covered expenses by the sale of tickets, though the attendance at the morning performances in the Philharmonic Hall, compared with those of the evening, have been, at the best, inconsiderable.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.—The unveiling of the statue of this composer, an engraving of which we published last week, took place on Friday last. Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, one of the Committee of the Balfé Testimonial Fund, made a lengthy inaugural speech, in which he traced the composer's career from beginning to end, and then named Sir Michael Costa as the fittest person to perform the unveiling. Mr. George Osborne followed with a graceful tribute to Mr. Vincent Wallace, the composer of *Maritana*, *Lurline*, &c. About the merits of the statue—the uncovering of which was followed by loud and reiterated applause—the opinions of connoisseurs seem to differ. It is a likeness, no doubt, so far as mere physiognomy is concerned, but the *pose* and bearing are as unlike the original as possible.

THREE CHOIR FESTIVALS.—Lord Hampton's reply to the memorable sermon preached by Canon Barry at the late Gloucester Festival is admirably to the purpose, and shows a determination on the part of many of the most influential people in Worcestershire to stand upon their rights. The 11,000*l.* of Worcester against the 5,000*l.* of Earl Dudley ought certainly to carry a majority of votes. At all events the festivals of the Three Choirs are likely, for some time at least, to go on as of old. As it is reported that the Bishop of the Diocese has already consented to act as President at the next Worcester meeting, the Dean and Chapter will probably succumb to the notorious desire of the influential laity of the three counties, and grant the use of the Cathedral for performances of oratorios, without which the time-honoured institution must inevitably come to an end. The fact is that Canon Barry in his eloquent discourse allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion. It is now clearly evident that the most influential people are strongly opposed to the radical changes which he suggested.



THE TURF.—Perth and Stafford have offered a little sport for the "locals," but it is almost unnecessary to say that the sporting world has been at Newmarket this week, not, perhaps, so much for the purpose of seeing the racing provided at the First October Meeting, as for doings connected with the coming Cesarewitch, Middle Park, and Cambridgeshire. Indeed at this meeting it is seldom that any exciting racing takes place, and the present anniversary has been no exception to the rule, though it cannot be said the sport was as poor as is often witnessed at Newmarket. The Great Eastern Handicap was the chief race in the handicap line of the meeting, and for it no fewer than nineteen runners went to the post. In the result the second favourite, Aurora, owned by the Marquis de Caumont, was proclaimed winner, Puzzle and Modena running second and third, while the first favourite, Genuine, could get no nearer than fourth. The victory of M. Lefevre's Novateur over Leolinus, the second in the St. Leger, at even weights, for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, was of the nature of a surprise, and caused the winner to be strongly backed for the Cambridgeshire. It is to be noted that Balfé beat Camballo in the Hopeful (two-year-old) Stakes, but the latter was carrying 3 lb. more weight; also that Craig Millar beat Yorkshire Bride in the Buckenham Stakes. Gang Forward, one of the three-year-old heroes of last year, won the Twenty-fifth Triennial by a neck from Chivalrous, at even weights. On Wednesday, Leolinus easily won the Twenty-sixth Triennial from the Vertumna filly and Regal, and Trent for the St. Leger Stakes beat Pique and Boulet. Sir G. Chetwynd scored three victories with Stroller (two) and Highlander.

CRICKET.—The United South of England Eleven, including such names as Jupp, Pooley, and Lillywhite, have played an Eighteen of St. John's Wood Club, but the game was left undecided. The Eighteen made 160 and 90, and the Eleven 151 in their first innings, Charlwood for the latter making the champion score of the match with his 57.—At Aylesbury, the Eleven, in their first innings, against Twenty-two of the town, obtained 167, Mr. W. G. Grace contributing 49, and Jupp 43, the Twenty-two scoring 113 and 90. Lillywhite took no less than thirteen of their wickets. The Eleven got the number required to win the game with the loss of one wicket only.—An Eleven of Yorkshire, comprising most of the best professional county players, have been playing against several district Twenty-twos with varied success. The "districts" thus see and learn what good cricket is.

COURSING.—The Ridgway (Lytham) Club meeting, which fairly commences the coursing season in Lancashire, was held on Wednesday and following days. Over 200 dogs competed in the various stakes, and hares were as "plentiful as blackberries."—Notwithstanding unfavourable weather a very successful meeting was held in the earlier part of the week at Burton-on-Trent.—Mr. Warwick, the well-known coursing judge, who has judged so many Waterloo Meetings, is daily expected home from Australia, where he has met with a very warm reception and given great satisfaction. It is to be regretted that his name is only to be found as judge of two or three of the advertised meetings for the present season.

AQUATICS.—Great was the dismay a few days ago when it was reported that the double-sculling match between the Thames and Tyne men had ended in a forfeit, in consequence of the stake of the former not having been duly posted. It appears that a letter containing the amount had not come into the proper hands through an error in the address. All is right now, and the men are going on with their practice and training.—According to the American papers the match between J. H. Sadler and Brown, of Halifax, is not likely to be proceeded with at present, the Canadians being determined on a "turning race." Moreover, Brown had made arrangements for another match, which was to have come off last week.

SHOOTING.—Thursday ushered in the pheasant shooting, and though the grouse have sadly disappointed the owners and renters of their haunts, and owing to want of cover partridges

have been very difficult to get at, the fortunate possessors of shootings which hold pheasants are likely to have an extra good season. The dry summer has been everything to these very delicate birds, constitutionally as well as gastronomically, and probably for many years past the coverts have not contained so many or such strong birds, whether bred wild or reared by hand. The poulterers' shops will soon indicate the plentifulness of the supply, and the markets are more reliable than "reports from shooting quarters."



TICHBORNIANA.—Though lost to public view behind prison walls, the Claimant has still plenty of adherents, and among them must be numbered the Rev. W. Buckingham, Chairman of the Sailors' Mission, who writes to a Birmingham gentleman offering to supply to the Press of the hardware metropolis a truthful account of Arthur Orton, whom Mr. Buckingham says he has known as well as his own son since he was fourteen years old. He offers to confront Mr. Bright and satisfy every one at any meeting of this man's innocence. "This man," we presume, means the Claimant.—Jean Luie, the witness *par excellence*, has been removed from Millbank to Portland.

"INSPECTOR BUCKET."—All admirers of Dickens will remember this character in "Bleak House." The original from whom it was drawn, Mr. C. F. Field, late Chief Inspector of the Metropolitan Detective Police, died last Sunday at Chelsea, aged sixty-nine. Mr. Field accompanied Dickens in some of those low London life explorations which are chronicled in *Household Words*. His chief achievement was considered to be his discovery of the Smyth forgery at Bristol. His zeal, perseverance, and urbanity deserve remembrance.

WILLIAM ROUPELL, who was at one time M.P. for Lambeth, and was subsequently convicted of forgery and sentenced to penal servitude, has obtained a ticket of leave on account of his good conduct. He will be much missed in the infirmary of the prison, where he was a kind and patient nurse, and many sick and dying convicts have thanked him for his careful attention to them. Latterly Roupell's health has much improved. His mother has visited him several times during the past year.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION.—The annual report of this Association contains much interesting matter. The inadequate penalties allotted to crimes of violence and cruelty committed on women, children, and dumb animals are severely reprehended. It is recommended that longer sentences should be inflicted on persons who frequently commit slight offences, and who now are constantly in and out of prison, and never get a chance of learning a useful trade or of forming industrious habits. A man at Liverpool had been before the magistrates 127 times, a woman at Bow Street fifty-six times. The system of giving prisoners a pecuniary interest in the value of their labour has been found to work well. They do more work, and receive fewer punishments. The gang system is spoken against, as causing many assaults on warders, while judicious visitation of prisoners is recommended as a means of lessening the number of habitual criminals.

WIFE BEATING.—We should like to know whether offences of this class have really increased of late, or whether, owing to the strong public feeling prevailing on the subject, the Press reports cases which formerly remained unnoticed. One of our contemporaries prints a column of violent deeds committed in England, France, and America. Certainly last year the railway accidents appeared to increase marvellously as soon as public attention was directed to them. This week there has been quite a batch of connubial brutalities, and it is worthy of note how in nearly every case the victim tries to screen her tormentor, scarcely it can be supposed from love, more probably from fear of future ill-usage. One woman even went so far as to change half-a-sovereign, which the magistrate had given her from the poor-box, to obtain one good meal, before he began his bread and water diet, for the brute who had converted her face into a mass of bruises. People are now beginning to find out that the humanitarians of the last generation who made such an outcry against the pillory, the stocks, and the lash, were after all not very wise folks.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It may be immoral to say so, but when a prisoner breaks gaol cleverly, inflicting no personal hurt in the deed, one hopes he mayn't be caught. A prisoner awaiting trial at Greenock gradually rubbed away, by weeks of incessant labour, the stone work of his door-post, hiding the traces of the deed by putty stolen from a workman who came to mend the window; he picked the locks of five doors, one of which confined a fellow captive, and then with his companion, and by the aid of a ladder, got clear off.—A gentleman has been committed for trial at the Maidstone Quarter Sessions for obtaining goods under false pretences. He went to an inn at Brenchley, and ordered a trap there, but eventually changed his mind, and decided to stay. His visit extended over several days, during which he lived well, and drank a good deal of champagne. He said he was B.A. of Oxford and curate of Birchington. On the Sunday he preached to the hop-pickers, and on the Tuesday following he read the marriage service in the garden of the inn, in his surplice, to a number of them, professing to marry them. On receiving his bill, he said he must go to Margate for the money, but none being forthcoming there, he was given into custody, when it was discovered that he was not the curate of Birchington.—A retired colonel in the Indian Army has been charged with begging in the Regent's Park, constantly annoying gentlemen by asking for coppers and cigar-ends. As it appeared that he was not really in want, but suffered from delirium, he was handed over to his friends.—Mr. Knox, the police magistrate, has had a narrow escape. A revolver, which was supposed to be unloaded, and which he had just had in his hand, went off in court, fortunately hurting nobody. The charge had apparently been in the weapon for many years.—A terrible tragedy has occurred at Plymouth. A man and his wife were about to separate, owing to mutual disagreements, caused by his intemperance. Suddenly, while in the offices of the town-clerk, he killed his wife with a razor, and then inflicted a mortal wound on himself.—Two men have been committed for trial for defrauding the Cheque Bank. Under the pretext that they had lost one set of cheques, they obtained a duplicate set, and victimised a number of shopkeepers.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND—V.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE PICTURESQUE



ON THE ROAD TO THE UPPER GLACIER, GRINDELWALD



Instead of answering he burst into a fit of laughter—loud, coarse, hard laughter, so utterly unlike any sound I had ever yet heard issue from his lips, so strangely and shockingly foreign to his character as I understood it, that I stood still on the sands, and openly remonstrated with him.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WAY HOME

LEFT by ourselves, there was a moment of silence amongst us. Eustace spoke first.

"Are you able to walk back?" he said to me. "Or shall we go on to Broadstairs, and return to Ramsgate by the railway?"

He put those questions as composedly, so far as his manner was concerned, as if nothing remarkable had happened. But his eyes and his lips betrayed him. They told me that he was

suffering keenly in secret. The extraordinary scene that had just passed, far from depriving me of the last remains of my courage, had strung up my nerves and restored my self-possession. I must have been more or less than woman if my self-respect had not been wounded, if my curiosity had not been wrought to the highest pitch, by the extraordinary conduct of my husband's mother when Eustace presented me to her. What was the secret of her despising him, and pitying me? Where was the explanation of her incomprehensible apathy when my name was twice pronounced in her hearing? Why had she left us, as if the bare idea of remaining in our company was abhorrent to her?

The foremost interest of my life was now the interest of penetrating these mysteries. Walk? I was in such a fever of expectation that I felt as if I could have walked to the world's end, if I could only keep my husband by my side, and question him on the way!

"I am quite recovered," I said. "Let us go back, as we came, on foot."

Eustace glanced at the landlady. The landlady understood him.

"I won't intrude my company on you, sir," she said sharply. "I have some business to do at Broadstairs—and, now I am so near, I may as well go on. Good morning, Mrs. Woodville."

She laid a marked emphasis on my name; and she added one significant look at parting, which (in the pre-occupied state of my mind at that moment) I entirely failed to comprehend. There was neither time nor opportunity to ask her what she meant. With a stiff little bow, addressed to Eustace, she left us as his mother had left us; taking the way to Broadstairs, and walking rapidly.

At last, we were alone.

I lost no time in beginning my inquiries; I wasted no words in prefatory phrases. In the plainest terms, I put the question to him:

"What does your mother's conduct mean?"

Instead of answering, he burst into a fit of laughter—loud, coarse, hard laughter, so utterly unlike any sound I had ever yet heard issue from his lips, so strangely and shockingly foreign to his character as I understood it, that I stood still on the sands, and openly remonstrated with him.

"Eustace! you are not like yourself," I said. "You almost frighten me."

He took no notice. He seemed to be pursuing some pleasant train of thought just started in his mind.

"So like my mother!" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who felt irresistibly diverted by some humorous idea of his own. "Tell me all about it, Valeria!"

"Tell you?" I repeated. "After what has happened, surely it is your duty to enlighten me."

"You don't see the joke?" he said.

"I not only fail to see the joke," I rejoined, "I see something in your mother's language and your mother's behaviour, which justifies me in asking you for a serious explanation."

"My dear Valeria! if you understood my mother as well as I do, a serious explanation of her conduct would be the last thing in the world that you would expect from me. The idea of taking my mother seriously!" He burst out laughing again. "My darling! you don't know how you amuse me."

It was all forced; it was all unnatural. He, the most delicate, the most refined of men—a gentleman in the highest sense of the word—was coarse and loud and vulgar! My heart sank under a sudden sense of misgiving which, with all my love for him, it was impossible to resist. In unutterable distress and alarm I asked myself: "Is my husband beginning to deceive me? is he acting a part, and acting it badly, before we have been married a week?"

I set myself to win his confidence in a new way. He was evidently determined to force his own point of view on me. I determined, on my side, to accept his point of view.

"You tell me I don't understand your mother," I said gently. "Will you help me to understand her?"

"It is not easy to help you to understand a woman who doesn't understand herself," he answered. "But I will try. The key to my poor dear mother's character is, in one word—Eccentricity."

If he had picked out the most inappropriate word in the whole Dictionary to describe the lady whom I had met on the beach, "Eccentricity" would have been that word. A child who had seen what I saw, who had heard what I heard, would have discovered that he was trifling—grossly, recklessly trifling—with the truth.

"Bear in mind what I have said," he proceeded; "and, if you want to understand my mother, do what I asked you to do a minute since—tell me all about it. How came you to speak to her, to begin with?"

"Your mother told you, Eustace. I was walking just behind her, when she dropped a letter by accident—"

"No accident," he interposed. "The letter was dropped on purpose."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Why should your mother drop the letter on purpose?"

"Use the key to her character, my dear. Eccentricity! My mother's odd way of making acquaintance with you."

"Making acquaintance with me? I have just told you that I was walking behind her. She could not have known of the existence of such a person as myself until I spoke to her first."

"So you suppose, Valeria."

"I am certain of it."

"Pardon me—you don't know my mother as I do."

I began to lose all patience with him.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that your mother was out on the sands to-day for the express purpose of making acquaintance with me?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," he answered coolly.

"Why she didn't even recognise my name!" I burst out. "Twice over, the landlady called me Mrs. Woodville in your mother's hearing—and, twice over, I declare to you on my word of honour, it failed to produce the slightest impression on her. She looked, and acted, as if she had never heard her own name before in her life."

"'Acted' is the right word," he said, just as composedly as before. "The women on the stage are not the only women who can act. My mother's object was to make herself thoroughly acquainted with you, and to throw you off your guard by speaking in the character of a stranger. It is exactly like her to take that roundabout way of satisfying her curiosity about a daughter-in-law she disapproves of. If I had not joined you when I did, you would have been examined and cross-examined about yourself and about me; and you would innocently have answered under the impression that you were speaking to a chance acquaintance. There is my mother all over! She is your enemy, remember—not your friend: she is not in search of your merits but of your faults. And you wonder why no im-

was produced on her when she heard you addressed by your name! Poor innocent! I can tell you this—you only discovered my mother in her own character, when I put an end to the mystification by presenting you to each other. You saw how angry she was; and now you know why."

I let him go on without saying a word. I listened—oh, with such a heavy heart! with such a crushing sense of disenchantment and despair! The idol of my worship; the companion, guide, protector of my life—had he fallen so low? could he stoop to such shameless prevarication as this?

Was there one word of truth in all that he had said to me? Yes! If I had not discovered his mother's portrait, it was certainly true that I should not have known, not even have vaguely suspected, who she really was. Apart from this, the rest was lying; clumsy lying which said one thing at least for him, that he was not accustomed to falsehood and deceit. Good Heavens—if my husband was to be believed, his mother must have tracked us to London; tracked us to the church; tracked us to the railway station; tracked us to Ramsgate! To assert that she knew me by sight as the wife of Eustace, and that she had waited on the sands, and dropped her letter for the express purpose of making acquaintance with me, was also to assert every one of these monstrous improbabilities to be facts that had actually happened!

I could say no more. I walked by his side in silence, feeling the miserable conviction that there was an abyss in the shape of a family secret between my husband and me. In the spirit, if not in the body, we were separated—after a married life of barely four days!

"Valeria," he asked, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Are you not satisfied with my explanation?"

I detected a slight tremor in his voice as he put that question. The tone was, for the first time since we had spoken together, a tone that my experience associated with him in certain moods of his which I had already learnt to know well. Among the hundred thousand mysterious influences which a man exercises over the woman who loves him, I doubt if there is any more irresistible to her than the influence of his voice. I am not one of those women who shed tears on the smallest provocation: it is not in my temperament, I suppose. But when I heard that little natural change in his tone, my mind went back (I can't say why) to the happy day when I first owned that I loved him. I burst out crying.

He suddenly stood still, and took me by the hand. He tried to look at me.

I kept my head down and my eyes on the ground. I was ashamed of my weakness and my want of spirit. I was determined not to look at him.

In the silence that followed, he suddenly dropped on his knees at my feet, with a cry of despair that cut through me like a knife.

"Valeria! I am vile—I am false—I am unworthy of you. Don't believe a word of what I have been saying—lies, lies, cowardly contemptible lies! You don't know what I have gone through; you don't know how I have been tortured. Oh, my darling, try not to despise me! I must have been beside myself when I spoke to you as I did. You looked hurt; you looked offended; I didn't know what to do. I wanted to spare you even a moment's pain—I wanted to hush it up, and have done with it. For God's sake don't ask me to tell you any more! My love! my angel! it's something between my mother and me; it's nothing that need disturb you, it's nothing to anybody now. I love you, I adore you; my whole heart and soul are yours. Be satisfied with that. Forget what has happened. You shall never see my mother again. We will leave this place to-morrow. We will go away in the yacht. Does it matter where we live, so long as we live for each other? Forgive and forget! Oh, Valeria, Valeria, forgive and forget!"

Unutterable misery was in his face; unutterable misery was in his voice. Remember this. And remember that I loved him.

"It is easy to forgive," I said sadly. "For your sake, Eustace, I will try to forget."

I raised him gently as I spoke. He kissed my hands, with the air of a man who was too humble to venture on any more familiar expression of his gratitude than that. The sense of embarrassment between us, as we slowly walked on again, was so unendurable that I actually cast about in my mind for a subject of conversation as if I had been in the company of a stranger! In mercy to him, I asked him to tell me about the yacht.

He seized on the subject as a drowning man seizes on the hand that rescues him.

On that one poor little topic of the yacht, he talked, talked, as if his life depended upon his not being silent for an instant on the rest of the way back. To me, it was dreadful to hear him. I could estimate what he was suffering, by the violence which he—ordinarily a silent and thoughtful man—was now doing to his true nature and to the prejudices and habits of his life. With the greatest difficulty I preserved my self-control, until we reached the door of our lodgings. There, I was obliged to plead fatigue, and ask him to let me rest for a little while in the solitude of my own room.

"Shall we sail to-morrow?" he called after me suddenly, as I ascended the stairs.

Sail with him to the Mediterranean the next day? Pass weeks and weeks absolutely alone with him, in the narrow limits of a vessel, with his horrible secret parting us in sympathy farther and farther from each other day by day? I shuddered at the thought of it.

"To-morrow is rather a short notice," I said. "Will you give me a little longer time to prepare for the voyage?"

"Oh, yes—take any time you like," he answered, not (as I thought) very willingly. "While you are resting—there are still one or two little things to be settled—I think I will go back to the yacht. Is there anything I can do for you, Valeria, before I go?"

"Nothing—thank you, Eustace."

He hastened away to the harbour. Was he afraid of his own thoughts, if he was left by himself in the house? Was the company of the sailing-master and the steward better than no company at all?

It was useless to ask. What did I know about him or his thoughts? I locked myself into my room.

CHAPTER V.

THE LANDLADY'S DISCOVERY

I SAT down, and tried to compose my spirits. Now, or never, was the time to decide what it was my duty to my husband and my duty to myself to do next.

The effort was beyond me. Worn out in mind and body alike, I was perfectly incapable of pursuing any regular train of thought. I vaguely felt—if I left things as they were—that I could never hope to remove the shadow which now rested on the married life that had begun so brightly. We might live together, so as to save appearances. But to forget what had happened, or to feel satisfied with my position, was beyond the power of my will. My tranquillity as a woman—perhaps my dearest interests as a wife—depended absolutely on penetrating the mystery of my mother-in-law's conduct, and on discovering the true meaning of the wild words of penitence and self-reproach which my husband had addressed to me on our way home.

So far I could advance towards realising my position—and no farther. When I asked myself what was to be done next, hopeless confusion, maddening doubt, filled my mind, and transformed me into the most listless and helpless of living women.

I gave up the struggle. In dull, stupid, obstinate despair, I threw myself on my bed, and fell from sheer fatigue into a broken uneasy sleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door of my room.

Was it my husband? I started to my feet as the idea occurred to me. Was some new trial of my patience and my fortitude at hand? Half nervously, half irritably, I asked who was there.

The landlady's voice answered me.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, if you please?"

I opened the door. There is no disguising it—though I loved him so dearly; though I had left home and friends for his sake—it was a relief to me, at that miserable time, to know that Eustace had not returned to the house.

The landlady came in, and took a seat, without waiting to be invited, close by my side. She was no longer satisfied with merely asserting herself as my equal. Ascending another step on the social ladder, she took her stand on the platform of patronage, and charitably looked down on me as an object of pity.

"I have just returned from Broadstairs," she began. "I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I sincerely regret what has happened?"

I bowed, and said nothing.

"As a gentlewoman myself," proceeded the landlady—"reduced by family misfortunes to let lodgings, but still a gentlewoman—I feel sincere sympathy with you. I will even go farther than that. I will take it on myself to say that I don't blame you. No, no. I noticed that you were as much shocked and surprised at your mother-in-law's conduct as I was; and that is saying a great deal, a great deal indeed. However, I have a duty to perform. It is disagreeable, but it is not the less a duty on that account. I am a single woman; not from want of opportunities of changing my condition—I beg you will understand that—but from choice. Situated as I am, I receive only the most respectable persons into my house. There must be no mystery about the positions of my lodgers. Mystery in the position of a lodger carries with it—what shall I say? I don't wish to offend you—I will say, a certain Taint. Very well. Now I put it to your own common sense. Can a person in my position be expected to expose herself to—Taint? I make these remarks in a sisterly and Christian spirit. As a lady yourself; I will even go the length of saying a cruelly-used lady; you will I am sure understand—"

I could endure it no longer. I stopped her there.

"I understand," I said, "that you wish to give us notice to quit your lodgings. When do you want us to go?"

The landlady held up a long, lean, red hand, in sorrowful and sisterly protest.

"No," she said. "Not that tone; not those looks. It's natural you should be annoyed; it's natural you should be angry. But do—now do please try and control yourself. I put it to your own common sense (we will say a week for the notice to quit)—why not treat me like a friend? You don't know what a sacrifice, what a cruel sacrifice, I have made—entirely for your sake."

"You!" I exclaimed. "What sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice?" repeated the landlady. "I have degraded myself as a gentlewoman. I have forfeited my own self-respect." She paused for a moment, and suddenly seized me by the hand, in a perfect frenzy of friendship. "Oh, my poor dear," cried this intolerable person, "I have discovered everything! A villain has deceived you. You are no more married than I am!"

I snatched my hand out of hers, and rose angrily from my chair.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

The landlady raised her eyes to the ceiling, with the air of a

person who had deserved martyrdom, and who submitted to it cheerfully.

"Yes," she said. "I begin to think I *am* mad—mad to have devoted myself to an ungrateful woman, to a person who doesn't appreciate a sisterly and Christian sacrifice of self. Well! I won't do it again. Heaven forgive me—I won't do it again!"

"Do what again?" I asked.

"Follow your mother-in-law," cried the landlady, suddenly dropping the character of a martyr, and assuming the character of a vixen in its place. "I blush when I think of it. I followed that most respectable person every step of the way to her own door."

Thus far, my pride had held me up. It sustained me no longer. I dropped back again into my chair, in undisguised dread of what was coming next.

"I gave you a look when I left you on the beach," pursued the landlady; growing louder and louder, and redder and redder as she went on. "A grateful woman would have understood that look. Never mind! I won't do it again. I overtook your mother-in-law at the gap in the cliff. I followed her—oh, how I feel the disgrace of it *now*!—I followed her to the station at Broadstairs. She went back by train to Ramsgate. I went back by train to Ramsgate. She walked to her lodgings. I walked to her lodgings. Behind her. Like a dog. Oh, the disgrace of it! Providentially as I then thought—I don't know what to think of it now—the landlord of the house happened to be a friend of mine, and happened to be at home. We have no secrets from each other, where lodgers are concerned. I am in a position to tell you, madam, what your mother-in-law's name really is. She knows nothing about any such person as Mrs. Woodville, for an excellent reason. Her name is *not* Woodville. Her name (and consequently her son's name) is Macallan. Mrs. Macallan, widow of the late General Macallan. Yes! your husband is *not* your husband. You are neither maid, wife, nor widow. You are worse than nothing, madam—and you leave my house."

I stopped her as she opened the door to go out. She had roused my temper by this time. The doubt that she had cast on my marriage was more than mortal resignation could endure.

"Give me Mrs. Macallan's address," I said.

The landlady's anger receded into the background, and the landlady's astonishment appeared in its place.

"You don't mean to tell me you are going to the old lady yourself?" she said.

"Nobody but the old lady can tell me what I want to know," I answered. "Your discovery (as you call it) may be enough for *you*; it is not enough for *me*. How do we know that Mrs. Macallan may not have been twice married? and that her first husband's name may not have been Woodville?"

The landlady's astonishment subsided in its turn, and the landlady's curiosity succeeded as the ruling influence of the moment. Substantially, as I have already said of her, she was a good-natured woman. Her fits of temper (as is usual with good-natured people) were of the hot and the short-lived sort; easily roused and easily appeased.

"I never thought of that," she said. "Look here! if I give you the address, will you promise to tell me all about it when you come back?"

I gave the required promise, and received the address in return.

"No malice," said the landlady, suddenly resuming all her old familiarity with me.

"No malice," I answered, with all possible cordiality on my side.

In ten minutes more I was at my mother-in-law's lodgings.

CHAPTER VI.

MY OWN DISCOVERY

FORTUNATELY for me, the landlord did not open the door when I rang. A stupid maid-of-all-work, who never thought of asking me for my name, let me in. Mrs. Macallan was at home, and had no visitors with her. Giving me this information, the maid led the way upstairs, and showed me into the drawing-room without a word of announcement.

My mother-in-law was sitting alone, near a work-table, knitting. The moment I appeared in the doorway, she laid aside her work; and, rising, signed to me with a commanding gesture of her hand to let her speak first.

"I know what you have come here for," she said. "You have come here to ask questions. Spare yourself, and spare me. I warn you beforehand that I will not answer any questions relating to my son."

It was firmly, but not harshly, said. I spoke firmly in my turn.

"I have not come here, madam, to ask questions about your son," I answered. "I have come—if you will excuse me—to ask you a question about yourself."

She started, and looked at me keenly over her spectacles. I had evidently taken her by surprise.

"What is the question?" she inquired.

"I now know for the first time, madam, that your name is Macallan," I said. "Your son has married me under the name of Woodville. The only honourable explanation of this circumstance, so far as I know, is that my husband is your son by a first marriage. The happiness of my life is at stake. Will you kindly consider my position? Will you let me ask if you have been twice married, and if the name of your first husband was Woodville?"

She considered a little before she replied.

"The question is a perfectly natural one, in your position," she said. "But I think I had better not answer it."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. If I answered you, I should only lead to other questions; and I should be obliged to decline replying to them. I am sorry to disappoint you. I repeat what I said on the beach—I have no other feeling than a feeling of sympathy towards *you*. If you had consulted me before your marriage, I should willingly have admitted you to my fullest confidence. It is now too late. You are married. I recommend you to make the best of your position, and to rest satisfied with things as they are."

"Pardon me, madam," I remonstrated. "As things are, I don't know that I *am* married. All I know, unless you enlighten me, is that your son has married me under a name that is not his own. How can I be sure whether I am, or am not, his lawful wife?"

"I believe there can be no doubt that you are lawfully my son's wife," Mrs. Macallan answered. "At any rate it is easy to take a legal opinion on the subject. If the opinion is that you are *not* lawfully married, my son (whatever his faults and failings may be) is a gentleman. He is incapable of wilfully deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him; he will do you justice. On my side, I will do you justice too. If the legal opinion is adverse to your rightful claims, I will promise to answer any questions which you may choose to put to me. As it is, I believe you to be lawfully my son's wife; and I say again, make the best of your position. Be satisfied with your husband's affectionate devotion to you. If you value your peace of mind, and the happiness of your life to come, abstain from attempting to know more than you know now."

She sat down again with the air of a woman who had said her last word.

Further remonstrance would be useless—I could see it in her face; I could hear it in her voice. I turned round to open the drawing-room door.

"You are hard on me, madam," I said at parting. "I am at your mercy, and I must submit."

She suddenly looked up, and answered me with a flush on her kind and handsome old face.

"As God is my witness, child, I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

After that extraordinary outburst of feeling, she took up her work with one hand, and signed to me with the other to leave her.

I bowed to her in silence, and went out.

I had entered the house, far from feeling sure of the course I ought to take in the future. I left the house, positively resolved, come what might of it, to discover the secret which the mother and son were hiding from me. As to the question of the name, I saw it now in the light in which I ought to have seen it from the first. If Mrs. Macallan *had* been twice married (as I had rashly chosen to suppose) she would certainly have shown some signs of recognition, when she heard me addressed by her first husband's name. Where all else was mystery, there was no mystery here. Whatever his reasons might be, Eustace had assuredly married me under an assumed name.

Approaching the door of our lodgings, I saw my husband walking backwards and forwards before it, evidently waiting for my return. If he asked me the question, I decided to tell him frankly where I had been, and what had passed between his mother and myself.

He hurried to meet me with signs of disturbance in his face and manner.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Valeria," he said. "Do you mind returning with me to London by the next train?"

I looked at him. In the popular phrase, I could hardly believe my own ears.

"It's a matter of business," he went on, "of no interest to any one but myself; and it requires my presence in London. You don't wish to sail just yet, as I understand? I can't leave you here by yourself. Have you any objection to going to London for a day or two?"

I made no objection. I too was eager to go back.

In London, I could obtain the legal opinion which would tell me whether I was lawfully married to Eustace or not. In London, I should be within reach of the help and advice of my father's faithful old clerk. I could confide in Benjamin as I could confide in no one else. Dearly as I loved my uncle Starkweather, I shrank from communicating with him in my present need. His wife had told me that I had made a bad beginning, when I signed the wrong name in the marriage register. Shall I own it? My pride shrank from acknowledging, before the honeymoon was over, that his wife was right.

In two hours more we were on the railway again. Ah, what a contrast that second journey presented to the first! On our way to Ramsgate, everybody could see that we were a newly-wedded couple. On our way to London, nobody noticed us; nobody would have doubted that we had been married for years.

We went to a private hotel in the neighbourhood of Portland Place.

After breakfast, the next morning, Eustace announced that he must leave me to attend to his business. I had previously mentioned to him that I had some purchases to make in London. He was quite willing to let me go out alone—on the condition that I should take a carriage provided by the hotel.

My heart was heavy that morning: I felt the unacknowledged estrangement that had grown up between us very keenly. My husband opened the door to go out—and came back to kiss me before he left me by myself. That little afterthought of tender-

ness touched me. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I put my arm round his neck, and held him to me gently.

"My darling," I said, "give me all your confidence. I know that you love me. Show that you can trust me too."

He sighed bitterly, and drew back from me—in sorrow, not in anger.

"I thought we had agreed, Valeria, not to return to that subject again," he said. "You only distress yourself and distress me."

He left the room abruptly, as if he dare not trust himself to say more. It is better not to dwell on what I felt after this last repulse. I ordered the carriage at once. I was eager to find a refuge from my own thoughts in movement and change.

I drove to the shops first, and made the purchases which I had mentioned to Eustace by way of giving a reason for going out. Then I devoted myself to the object which I really had at heart. I went to old Benjamin's little villa, in the byeways of St. John's Wood.

As soon as he had got over the first surprise of seeing me, he noticed that I looked pale and careworn. I confessed at once that I was in trouble. We sat down together by the bright fire-side in his little library (Benjamin, as far as his means would allow, was a great collector of books)—and there I told my old friend, frankly and truly, all that I have told here.

He was too distressed to say much. He fervently pressed my hand; he fervently thanked God that my father had not lived to hear what he had heard. Then, after a pause, he repeated my mother-in-law's name to himself, in a doubting, questioning tone.

"Macallan?" he said. "Macallan? Where have I heard that name? Why does it sound as if it wasn't strange to me?"

He gave up pursuing the lost recollection, and asked, very earnestly, what he could do for me. I answered that he could help me in the first place to put an end to the doubt—an unendurable doubt to *me*—whether I was lawfully married or not. His energy of the old days when he had conducted my father's business showed itself again, the moment I said those words.

"Your carriage is at the door, my dear," he answered. "Come with me to my own lawyer, without wasting another moment."

We drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At my request, Benjamin put my case to the lawyer, as the case of a friend in whom I was interested. The answer was given without hesitation. I had married, honestly believing my husband's name to be the name under which I had known him. The witnesses to my marriage—my uncle, my aunt, and Benjamin—had acted, as I had acted, in perfect good faith. Under those circumstances, there was no doubt about the law. I was legally married. Macallan or Woodville, I was his wife.

This decisive answer relieved me of a heavy anxiety. I accepted my old friend's invitation to return with him to St. John's Wood, and to make my luncheon at his early dinner.

On our way back I reverted to the one other subject which was now uppermost in my mind. I reiterated my resolution to discover why Eustace had not married me under the name that was really his own.

My companion shook his head, and entreated me to consider well beforehand what I proposed doing. His advice to me—so strangely do extremes meet!—was my mother-in-law's advice, repeated almost word for word. "Leave things as they are, my dear. In the interest of your own peace of mind, be satisfied with your husband's affection. You know that you are his wife, and you know that he loves you. Surely that is enough?"

I had but one answer to this. Life, on such conditions as my good friend had just stated, would be simply unendurable to me. Nothing could alter my resolution—for this plain reason, that nothing could reconcile me to living with my husband on the terms on which we were living now. It only rested with Benjamin to say whether he would give a helping hand to his master's daughter or not.

The old man's answer was thoroughly characteristic of him.

"Mention what you want of me, my dear," was all he said.

We were then passing a street in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. I was on the point of speaking again, when the words were suspended on my lips. I saw my husband.

He was just descending the steps of a house—as if leaving it after a visit. His eyes were on the ground: he did not look up when the carriage passed. As the servant closed the door behind him, I noticed that the number of the house was sixteen. At the next corner I saw the name of the street. It was Vivian Place.

"Do you happen to know who lives at number sixteen. Vivian Place?" I inquired of my companion.

Benjamin started. My question was certainly a strange one, after what he had just said to me.

"No," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I have just seen Eustace, leaving that house."

"Well, my dear, and what of that?"

"My mind is in a bad way, Benjamin. Everything my husband does that I don't understand, rouses my suspicion now."

Benjamin lifted his withered old hands, and let them drop on his knees again in mute lamentation over me.

"I tell you again," I went on, "my life is unendurable to me. I won't answer for what I may do, if I am left much longer to live in doubt of the one man on earth whom I love. You have had experience of the world. Suppose you were shut out from Eustace's confidence, as I am? Suppose you were as fond of him as I am, and felt your position as bitterly as I feel it—what would you do?"

The question was plain. Benjamin met it with a plain answer.



1. EN ROUTE FOR BRICKLAYERS' ARMS STATION—2. GETTING OUR TICKETS—3. UNDER FOURTEEN—4. EARLY BREAKFAST—5. IN OUR CARRIAGE—6. DROPPING PASSENGERS—7. LOOKING FOR A JOB—8. PICKING IN THE RAIN—9. THE DINNER HORN—10. HOP PICKERS AT WORK—
11. HOPPERS AT DINNER—12. MEASURING THE HOPS—13. THE COOKING SHED—14. HOPPERS' HOUSES—15. A SKETCH THROUGH THE HEDGE—16. PAYING THE HOP PICKERS—17. PACKING THE HOPS.

A TRIP WITH THE HOP PICKERS

"I think I should find my way, my dear, to some intimate friend of your husband's," he said, "and make a few discreet inquiries in that quarter first."

Some intimate friend of my husband's? I considered with myself. There was but one friend of his whom I knew of—my uncle's correspondent, Major Fitz-David. My heart beat fast as the name recurred to my memory. Suppose I followed Benjamin's advice? Suppose I applied to Major Fitz-David? Even if he too refused to answer my questions, my position would not be more helpless than it was now. I determined to make the attempt. The only difficulty in the way, so far, was to discover the Major's address. I had given back his letter to Doctor Starkweather, at my uncle's own request. I remembered that the address from which the Major wrote was somewhere in London—and I remembered no more.

"Thank you, old friend; you have given me an idea already," I said to Benjamin. "Have you got a Directory in your house?" "No, my dear," he rejoined, looking very much puzzled. "But I can easily send out and borrow one."

We returned to the villa. The servant was sent at once to the nearest stationer's to borrow a Directory. She returned with the book, just as we sat down to dinner. Searching for the Major's name, under the letter F, I was startled by a new discovery.

"Benjamin!" I said. "This is a strange coincidence. Look here!"

He looked where I pointed. Major Fitz-David's address was Number Sixteen, Vivian Place—the very house which I had seen my husband leaving as we passed in the carriage!

(To be continued.)



DURING the past month, and for the next fortnight to come, weddings have been and will be the order of the day, and a few hints as to the minor details of bridal attire may not be found unprofitable for those who are about to take part in wedding ceremonials.

More often than not, the bride insists upon having her hair dressed by a fashionable *coiffeur*, who changes the style which she has, from practice, found to be most becoming to her; hence the remark is heard from friends and lookers on, "The bride does not look as well as I expected, although her dress is beautiful." Sometimes the milliner is to blame for these disparaging remarks, for she will load a small head with a voluminous wreath, or surmount large features with a small top-knot. Where a veil is worn it should be ample and flowing, whether made of costly lace or simple *tulle*; myrtle and orange blossom leaves should not be spared in the bridal wreath, as none but the most delicate complexions can bear the contrast of white flowers unrelieved by a colour. As a rule, at this season of the year, white dresses look well for bridesmaids; they may be made of silk or muslin, according to fancy. Where six or more bridesmaids are chosen, it is well to arrange the trimmings according to the complexion of the wearers; at a recent wedding, where the bridesmaids wore saffron-coloured tarletane, four were dark and looked remarkably well, whilst two had auburn hair of so peculiar a shade as to look positively ugly against the ill-contrasting costume; had the dresses been white, with amber trimmings for the brunettes, and blue or mauve for the blondes, the effect would have been far more pleasing. Where the number of bridesmaids is limited, rose pink is the colour most desirable to be chosen, as it is becoming both to dark and fair complexions. Veils for bridesmaids have fallen into disuse, more especially for country weddings, which are usually followed by a garden party, yet they are so graceful that we see no need for dispensing with them; when made of fine *tulle* they may be thrown over the bonnet or headress worn during the ceremony, and taken off for the breakfast. We need scarcely tell our readers of the various purposes to which these veils may afterwards be applied in the form of ruffs, &c. A word in the ears of future bridesmaids. Let them remember that they are taking part in a public ceremony, and by all means avoid, whether from nervousness or self-confidence, rushing down the church steps and bounding into the carriages. Great pains are taken to teach young girls how to conduct themselves gracefully at a Drawing Room, whilst no words of advice are offered to them when they are about to pass through quite as trying an ordeal; consequently the slightest hitch in the carefully-prepared programme of departure from the church makes the nervous bridesmaids either rush wildly about or else huddle together like frightened sheep. On these occasions, the young men, whose duty it is to escort the bridesmaids, generally lose their nerve and take refuge in friendly pews, from whence it is difficult to withdraw them until after a beadle or other official has indifferently fulfilled their task. A wise proverb says, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and this applies to ceremonial weddings.

Passing from the inner to the outer circle at a wedding party, we are often asked "What shall we wear?" by young, middle-aged, and old guests. The first thing to be ascertained is what are the prevailing colours worn by the bridesmaids—they should be avoided; the next point to be studied is the height and complexion of the wearer, if tall, dark, and slender a train of skirt scabious, prune, or chestnut coloured *gros grain* or *faillle*, the front breadth arranged with crossway puffings confined at intervals with rows of fine gaging; wide *revers* on each side embroidered in a rich pattern with bugles, and edged with bullion fringe; Henri Quatre sleeves, point lace ruffs at the throat and wrists; white felt or black velvet hat, the brim lined with the same colour as the costume, ostrich feather across the crown to correspond. For any one inclined to *embonpoint* the front breadth should be made quite plain, or embroidered to match the *revers*. A very stylish costume for a blonde consists of a pale violet cashmere skirt embroidered in chenille, half a yard deep above the hem, and on the front breadth to the knees; a dark violet velvet jacket with a moderately deep basque; at each side are wide lappels which have the effect of *revers*; the jacket is either richly embroidered or trimmed with bugle lace.

The shapes for bonnets and hats are much varied, some, which look most absurd when off, are very becoming when on; it is

impossible to say which are the most fashionable. Beaver hats will be much worn this autumn; this material is lighter than felt, and quite as serviceable. The Rubens shape continues to be the favourite in spite of its singular appearance, which is calculated to attract too much attention to the wearer when walking in the street; long ostrich feathers or birds, natural and unnatural, are used for trimming. The most appropriate, and at the same time most effective, flowers for this month are China-asters, made in every shade from black crimson to cream colour.

The rage for homespun, Scotch cloth, vigogne, and serge, with their varieties increases at home and abroad, and as these materials are for the most part made in neutral tints, the effect when massed together is very monotonous, especially as they are generally made alike, the skirts trimmed with stitched bands, the Princess tunic to correspond, the bodice double-breasted, ornamented with two rows of large fancy buttons. It is quite a relief to see French merinos and cashmere costumes of two warm bright shades, such as Burgundy, myrtle, violet, or brown. Velvet and velveteen are also again making their appearance. Sometimes the entire costume is made of them, at others they are combined with satin or silk.

A material which never goes out of fashion is Irish poplin, on account of the pliable and graceful folds into which it falls. A new blue-black dye which has been recently introduced in this material is most effective, both for morning and evening wear, especially when trimmed with jet.

The *cuirasse* will be much in vogue this winter, made in blue or grey steel beads, or jet, white or black. The *cuirasse* is so flexible that it moulds itself to the figure of the wearer; it is made with a deep basque and without sleeves. As this fanciful garment is expensive to buy ready made, a French contemporary means to publish a pattern, with full directions for making it at home. The *cuirasse* looks very stylish in white jet, but is more useful in black. Our readers will be glad to hear that all silks are cheaper than they have been for the last ten years.

Amongst the elegancies and eccentricities of the toilette may be mentioned the Catogan bow, which is a great improvement to this trying style of hair dressing. This bow is made with two loops and ends of thick ribbed ribbon, it is studded over with jet, steel, or silver beads. The new "dog collar" necklet with bracelets to match are made of velvet, they may be worn either morning or evening. In the one case they are ornamented with gold or silver leaves, or stars and pendants, whilst in the other the names or monograms of the donor and the recipient are embroidered on a band of velvet, about an inch wide, in small diamonds or crystals.

We advise all the owners of furry pets, be they cats or rabbits, to look after them well, for fashion decrees that fur trimmings are to be worn on every outdoor and many indoor garments this winter, and so ingenious are furriers, more especially in Paris, that a lady might trim her jacket with the skin of her favourite *matou* unawares. Even the feathered pets are not safe, for a black velvet corsage, trimmed with canaries' feathers *au naturel*, was recently pronounced *ravissante* by a Parisian *belle*.



"LOST FOR LOVE," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (3 vols. Chatto and Windus).—It need hardly be said that it would not be easy to find any fresh criticism to offer on a writer who has been so long before the public, and whose merits and demerits have been so fully canvassed, as Miss Braddon. With all her faults, which, in our eyes, are not a few, it must be conceded, we think, that she shows a thoroughly workmanlike command of her tools. Her novels, though never of high artistic excellence or beauty, are invariably skilfully put together and readable. Sometimes, indeed, it is true, they are disfigured by a strain of coarseness or vulgarity which, in spite of their cleverness, keeps, so to say, our teeth set on edge whilst we read them, but from this unpleasant element "Lost for Love" is, happily, altogether free. It would be a work of supererogation to attempt to give any detailed outline of a story which is pretty sure sooner or later to be in all our readers' hands; it will be enough to say that its moral is to show how a naturally honourable and high-minded man may be led by love into a course altogether inconsistent with honour, uprightness, and good feeling—a doctrine which cannot be said to be preached here for the first time. The situation is very well conceived and described, and there is a certain nobility about the sinner, who for the sake of his great love is content to forfeit even his own self-respect, which makes us ready to admit the excuses he could urge for his sin, and to rejoice that he turns out to have been less guilty than he believed. Jarred Gurner, the violin and picture "restorer" of Voysey Street, Fitzroy Square, is a very good character, and so, too, is his mother, the proprietress of the "Ladies' Wardrobe" establishment, an avocation which has commended itself to her mind by reason of its "gentility," there being no weights or scales employed, as in mere plebeian trades; whilst the daughter, Loo Gurner, quite bears away the palm in point of interest from Flora Chammy, the nominal heroine. But then Miss Braddon generally succeeds better with such of her characters as are not supposed to be well-bred and refined than with such as are. We doubt, however, the probability of Jarred's reformation, as here related, striking instance as it would be of the efficacy of Mr. Carlyle's Gospel of Work. Granting that "Lost for Love" wants some of the freshness and vigour which distinguished its author's earliest novels, it yet affords a very favourable specimen of her powers, and we may confidently predict for it a warm welcome from her numerous admirers.

"Woman's a Riddle; or, Baby Warmstrey," by Philip Sheldon, author of "When George III. was King" (3 vols.: H. S. King and Co.).—Clever, and even exceptionally well-written, as Mr. Sheldon's new story is, it somewhat disappoints us when we remember the brilliant promise displayed in "When George III. was King." It labours under the great defect that all its *dramatis personae* are persons for whom it is impossible to get up a spark of interest. Nor do we understand how it exemplifies the proverb which the author has chosen for his title, for, as far as we can see, neither Lady Warmstrey, *née* Cissy Carey, nor Kate Ludlow are "riddles" at all, but act from first to last precisely as we should have expected of them, the one being consistently and incurably weak, and the other as consistently and incurably vicious. The best character is, we think, the elderly baronet, Sir Gervase Warmstrey, with his pompous self-complacency, and

monomania for method, order, and punctuality. First he means to make his niece, Kate Ludlow, his heiress, but, disgusted by her *gaucheries* and coarse perversities, he abandons the idea, and marries Cissy Carey, to find her indolence and *insouciance* equally irritating and insupportable. At last he is good enough to die suddenly, and the young widow bestows herself and her ample possessions on her profligate scamp of a cousin, Captain Tavenor, who deserts her for Kate's voluptuous beauty, the girl in her evil nature having selected this means of revenging herself on the woman who, as she persists in holding, stands in her rightful place. The book is good enough to be well worth reading, though we cannot help feeling somehow that it ought to have been better.

"Crushed Beneath his Idol," by A. C. Sampson (3 vols.: Tinsley).—The hero here—a most repulsively unpleasant person—personates his master, who has been accidentally drowned before his eyes in India, and whom he sufficiently resembles to obtain undisputed control over his large fortune. He then falls madly in love with a photograph—or "photo," as it is here styled—and returns to England, bent on winning the original, which, with some difficulty, he succeeds in doing, as far at least as the ceremony of marriage is concerned, though the lady makes no pretence of caring for him. Presently his imposture is detected, and his wife turns indignantly from the man who has cheated her, and whom she does not love, and he, "crushed beneath his idol," puts an end to himself by poison. There is a great deal more in the book than this; but this is enough as a specimen, for the story is unnatural and improbable without being in the least amusing.

"In Quest; a Story of Modern Tendencies," by the Rev. R. H. Cave, M.A. (John Hodges).—As this story comes to us in a second edition we shall speak of it more briefly than we should otherwise be disposed to do, for it displays signs of some power. The sketches of the enthusiastic sceptic, John Gilbert; of the dissatisfied and *blasé*, but polished cynic, Mr. Armytage; of the Ritualistic rector, who sighs to be disestablished and disendowed; and of the Bishop of studiously "moderate" views, who on hearing the avowal "H'm! H'm's!" and is "quite ready to join the ladies, Mr. Archdeacon," are all in their way very good. And Mr. Cave on occasion shows himself quite capable of saying a sharp thing well, and of hitting hard. There are some pretty bits of description here and there, and the plot, though slight, has enough interest to keep the reader's attention awake.

"Come of Her Vow," by Elise Thorp (Town and Country Publishing Company, Limited).—Anything wilder than this little tale it surely never yet entered the heart of man or woman to devise. It positively teems with extravagances and impossibilities from end to end. Yet it is not dull, nor without a certain spirit and cleverness, which lead us to think that if Miss Thorp will but curb and prune the tropical luxuriance of her imagination she may one day write a story which it will be worth while to criticise.



WEATHER AND CROPS.—St. Swithin's day is a bad one—at least so it is supposed—for farmers. We have never discovered that the 15th of July meant any more than the 15th of any other month. There has been a poem given to us by an Aberdonian, illustrated by that now eminent artist, Mr. Keeley Halswelle. It exhibited a priest floating down upon a hay-stack, which ought to have been in the homestead before that time. That shows the necessity of early and judicious harvesting of hay in Scotland. As a rule, it is not well done.

St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
'Twill rain for forty days, nae mair;
St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.

This year, fortunately for farmers, St. Swithin has not kept his word. There has been comparatively little rain, and the corn has been fairly got in, except in the far north, where some of it is not yet cut. The latest harvested grain will not be the worst, even the earliest having suffered from "heating."

STOCK FARMING.—The grass has profited by the moisture, and cattle are coming to the market in somewhat better condition than they were. It must be confessed, however, that our own cattle are not improving so much as those that we import from abroad. The Oporto beasts are really wonderfully good. Within the last four years the progress they have made is immense. On Monday, in the Islington market, there were some that would not have done any discredit to our best feeders. They are grand beasts, these Oportos. With the size almost of a shorthorn they possess the symmetry of a Highlander. They have not got quite the quality, but if the foreign breeders persevere they will undoubtedly cut out some of our own people. It is no good thinking that we are like Somebody's starch, "the best of everything." We can be beaten in our own field if we do not take care of ourselves. There is no country in the world so well adapted for the growth of cattle. In corn-growing we have no chance against foreigners. The deep soils of Hungary, of Russia, and the fertile plains of America can easily supply us with all our bread stuffs, but they do not so with cattle. It is feared by many persons that disease among our flocks and herds comes from abroad—the more reason, therefore, that we should devote attention to the rearing of cattle and sheep at home. America has entered into the field in competition with our rearers; it is stated that 300 head have been purchased at Chicago to be sent to Liverpool. The consignment, we should fancy, will not be a profitable one, the expense of transit being great. But from Portugal and Spain we can have good fresh animals cheap, and we need them.

AGRICULTURAL DWELLINGS.—There would have been much less dissension in agricultural districts than there was if the labourers had had good cottages near the homestead. Three or four miles' walk every day backwards and forwards does not conduce to a man's comfort, especially if these three or four miles mean a hovel at the end of the journey. Sir Edward Watkin has done a good turn in calling attention to the fact that houses can be built at not an extravagant price, and that those who are the owners of them will always be sure to find good servants.

PONIES.—At the South Tyne Agricultural Society a colliery owner gave farmers some good advice. Ponies, he said, were

much needed in collieries, and that being a colliery district farmers should pay more attention to their rearing. He also impressed upon his audience one fact that ought not to be forgotten, that "to feed a few animals and exhibit them was not a great feat, but if the general run of the animals were improved it would be a great benefit to the country at large."

TENANT RIGHT.—Mr. J. K. Fowler, of Aylesbury, is well known as an eminent farmer. His opinion is worth something on this subject. At the Royal and Central Bucks Association he remarked that it was all very well to try and put the question down, "but it must and would come to the front sooner or later." He approved of Messrs. Howard and Read's Bill, and contended that "tenant farmers would never be in the position they ought to be so long as they were liable at six months' notice to be turned out of their farms without compensation for any improvements they might have made in them."

SHORTHORNS.—Mr. Stafford had a grand sale at Gaddesby. This race of cattle at present may be said to rule the animal world. Possessed of great substance they have likewise good milking properties. The sires make the finest crosses for our butcher-markets. They can easily be acclimatised. Indeed, it may almost be said of them that they are suitable

From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand.

The average of the cows and heifers—nineteen of them—was upwards of 564 $\frac{1}{2}$. The highest went to Sir Curtis Lampson for 1,785 guineas, and the next best to Mr. Mackintosh, of Havering Park, whose sale two or three years ago gave an impetus to the shorthorn trade in this country. Mr. Thornton had no fewer than three auctions this week, at which fair prices were realised.

HOLIDAY MARTYRS

ANNUAL holidays are now such a firmly established institution, at all events in England, that the employer would be a bold man who ventured to deny this privilege to his *employé*. Custom has decreed that the harness shall be taken off at least once a year, alike from the head of the firm, who rushes round the world in ninety days, and comes home more dead than alive from over-fatigue, to the errand boy who spends a supremely happy day at Rosherville, and after all is the wiser and happier of the two, for he certainly brings home a clearer notion of what he has seen than does the bewildered traveller whose brain is filled to repletion, and who, for months after his return, irritates all his indulgent friends by setting up statements and knocking them down, thus: "When I was in China last autumn—no, it must have been India, or—let me see—was it at—well, it doesn't matter,"—here follows a confused anecdote.

A large section of holiday martyrs will be found amongst our English, not foreign, governesses, for the selfish reason that the employers of the former say, "She can visit her friends," when too often she has none, whilst of the latter they say, "Poor thing, she cannot afford to go home, let her come with us, as the children will learn to speak French or German whilst they are at play." Very often the young ones pick up an accent of the worst description from those uneducated foreigners who are designated nursery governesses.

Very few people know how to enjoy a holiday, whether it be of twenty-four hours', days', or months' duration; really to profit by a change, the active-minded man of business should not be condemned to vegetate at a quiet watering place, unless he is fond of boating or fishing. A wise and unselfish wife will place the children with friends, or leave them at home, and accompany her husband to some new place in England or abroad, endeavouring annually to renew the semblance of a honeymoon; both will then return to their duties with renewed vigour and fresh ideas, and one class of holiday martyrs, namely, fathers of families, who may be seen by the dozen yawning away their thirty days' rest over yesterday's paper, or monotonously throwing stones into the sea, will be knocked on the head.

As a rule, literary men know how to enjoy a holiday, with or without their wives, but to those authors, editors, &c., who are tempted to work when they should play, we can recommend a cure for over-industry: let them buy a penny bottle of sea-side ink, and they will write no more than is absolutely necessary. But chiefest among the holiday martyrs are amateur and semi-professional artists, for them there is no cure.

This autumn we idled away five weeks at a picturesque village on the coast of North Devon, and watched with curious interest the voluntary martyrdom of our artistically disposed fellow-creatures. From the time they arrived and struggled over the sharp stones and slippery rocks, laden with sketching stools, easels, and other baggage, till the time that they took their departure, with a bundle or basket of ferns added to their impedimenta, there was no rest for these art-victims, who too often laboured in vain. It was easy to discover the genuine artist, as a rule; he carried no superfluities, a block or canvas tied up in newspaper was all his visible apparatus, he lounged about for days, doing nothing but smoke, he rarely worked on a wet day, or, if he did, found some snug corner sheltered from the elements. Not so the amateur; from sunrise to sunset he toiled, now with the sun in the small of his back, anon sitting in one puddle, with his feet in another. Every twenty yards, as we strolled along beside the twin rivers from their rise to their fall into the sea, we came upon men and women sketching, perched upon the most uncomfortable rocks and points. One day we made up a party of twelve to walk some eighteen miles; first one and then another dropped out of our ranks struck with a "little bit," until we arrived at our destination alone! As to conversation upon any other topic than art, it was useless to attempt it.

Sunday was twelve hours of misery to these toilers, but possibly saved the lives of some by its compulsory abstinence from work. Once only, during our sojourn at this punctilious little village, where Dissent and Ritualism waged constant war, did we see two artists, of the veriest Bohemian type, skulking nervously along a quiet lane, vainly endeavouring to conceal their blocks under their very short shooting coats, and feeling more ashamed of their moral laxity than they ever had done before, or probably will do again—they had been sketching.

Artistic meetings were often held in the sanded parlour of the Rising Sun, and it must be owned that the young fellows who met together gave and took advice most good-naturedly. There was plenty of somewhat severe criticism, and no critic was more sharp upon others' than upon his own failures; the discipline was wholesome, and possibly often opened a road to success.

The female artists were more desponding than their male rivals, they were not admitted to the Rising Sun.

A veteran artist sententiously observed, "If only these deluded amateurs would be less ambitious, and content themselves with studying a bit of wall, or a broken tree, they might go home wiser and not sadder."

And surely he was right.



EVER since the genius of Scott cast a halo of romance round Fitful Head and St. Magnus' Bay, the swirling seas and rugged cliffs of Shetland have been objects of much attraction to the tourist; and of all who have penned introductions to the scenery and customs of farthest Thule, from Brand to Anderson, none have produced a more readable little handbook than the "Shetland and its Inhabitants" of the late Dr. R. Cowie (J. Menzies and Co., Edinburgh). To the traveller in search of the picturesque it will be found a complete guide to all the intricacies of the coast from the Roost of Sumburgh to the Cradle of Noss, a cradle now no longer—or from the lonely lighthouse of Unst, the most northern point of Britain, to the rarely visited precipices of Foula. But Dr. Cowie has written something better than a mere guide-book. There is a fair sketch of island history under its Scandinavian earls, or that later tyrant, Patrick Stewart, of its old Norse laws and Udall tenures, its fisheries, of which the herring trade alone for a long time brought to the Dutch three millions yearly, and some very interesting chapters, originally written for the Medical Congress at Paris in 1867, on the Health and Longevity of the Shetlanders and their ethnological characteristics. Scandinavians, with an almost effaced Pictish substratum and slight subsequent admixture of Scotch, they exhibit even within such narrow limits the enormous differences which soil, diet, and occupation can produce among people of the same stock in the widely contrasted natives of Fetlar on the eastern coast and Muckle Roe upon the west. The little volume is rather nicely illustrated, and its graver contents of statistical and topographical information are agreeably diversified here and there with tales of wrecks and battles, of both of which, but more especially the former, even these remote islands have had their share.

The curious student of the history of Old London will greet with pleasure a cheap verbatim reprint of Henry Morley's well-known "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair" (F. Warne and Co.). It is not, in truth, a very savoury chapter of London life which is here unfolded, even in its earlier days, when the Fair was under the protection of the Church, and was "practically twofold, one within and one without the bounds" of the ancient priory of Rayer, or when, a little later on, its jesters and jugglers amused the mob on spaces in the then unpaved Smithfield, still blackened by the pyres of the martyrs. It is more degraded still when Justice Over-do keeps the Court of Piepoudres, or old English humour revives with double license after the Restoration. It is a mere vulgar, riotous scene of gross entertainments and coarse disorder under the House of Hanover, losing ground with each succeeding reign, till the City authorities snuff it out, a thing of which all the world had grown tired. It is not unamusing to wander through its scenes under Mr. Morley's guidance with Paul Hentzner, first of German tourists and book-makers, with the lively characters of Ben Jonson's comedy, or long after persons of "fashion and quality" had given it up, with the garrulous author of "The London Spy," but our strongest feeling, perhaps, is thankfulness that in one thing, at least, we are better than our fathers, and, however, we may fall short on many points, our taste is too refined for the *grossièretés* of the early fairs.

Mr. Henry Southgate, author of "Things a Lady would Like to Know" (W. P. Nimmo) is one we should think of those who hold that woman's mission is to cook. At all events, after a complimentary prelude of mottoes expressing what good men think of women, 473 pages out of 536 are devoted to dinners, with a few hints on breakfasts and suppers, while eight are quite enough for dress, twenty for deportment, and nine for prayer. Viewed as a cookery-book, however, it is as well arranged as appetising. There is a family dinner for every day in the year, with clear directions for the preparation of each dish and each ushered in with a little text, e.g., "March 13th.—'To love purely for the sake of loving is almost the characteristic of an angel.'—1. Fried haddock; 2. White fricassee of rabbits; 3. Potatoes; 4. Herefordshire pudding"—a party dinner for every month, lists of fish, meat, and vegetables in season, notes for making cakes, confectionery, and summer beverages, recipes for physical ailments, mending of glass or furniture, removal of stains, &c. It is very much, in short, the good household receipt-book in which our grandmothers delighted, improved and adapted to modern times, and, in spite of a little air of affectation, must be pronounced a very serviceable and handsome volume.

In the "Book of Table Talk" (Routledge and Sons) Mr. W. Clark Russell brings together from published records of their conversation, or from less accessible hiding-places in memoirs, diaries, and letters, selected specimens of the wit and wisdom of the great men of our modern era, from Martin Luther to Archbishop Whately. The selection seems made with much judgment, and embraces many talkers whose excellence the ordinary reader only knows by fame, the polished keenness of Hookham Frere, or the stately moralising of Chateaubriand, no less than the sarcastic wit of Sydney Smith, Hazlitt, or Rogers; Lockier and Ramsay, as well as Selden and Johnson. Very judiciously, too, for a string of aphorisms, or even of jests, is about the dulllest thing in the world for continuous reading, Mr. Russell has contrived in his selections to include as many as possible of these anecdotes of themselves or others, which, after all, gives the conversation of famous men its most unique and special charm.

The sternest anti-Ritualist must feel at times a tenderness for the pretty custom, old as Christianity itself, of decorating the Church at its high festivals with "symbol flowers." And in "Flowers and Festivals" (Rivingtons), a work we are glad to see in a second edition, Mr. W. A. Barrett gives a number of excellent rules and coloured designs, with some very interesting notes on the history of the use of flowers for Church ornament in England, a list of saints—their emblems and the flowers dedicated to each. To the lady inmates in particular of many a country vicarage Mr. Barrett's book, with its various rules and suggestions, would be a source of unfailing interest.

In a "Vision of other Worlds" (Provost and Co.), by H. A. Squires, the author presents himself as surveying in a trance under the guidance of an angel the glory of the heavens, the scheme of our creation, fate, and redemption, and the final restoration of the earth as the perpetual abode of perfected man. There is little in the vision to disturb the most orthodox belief, and the quotations from Scripture are so numerous that many chapters are a mere cento of selected passages.

"International Correspondence by means of Numbers" (E. Marlborough and Co.) is a curious and rather ingenious scheme for facilitating communication between two persons perfectly ignorant of each other's language. The idea, of which the present brochure gives only a specimen, is to represent by the same number the corresponding root-words in all languages. A few simple signs and figures stand here for the commoner relations of grammar, while derivative words may largely be expressed by adding cyphers with the decimal points to the figure denoting the root. With dictionaries numbered on this plan it would be easy to keep up a conversation in writing without knowing a word of the language employed.

Some interesting facts on the rate of mortality at early periods of life among the upper classes, the number of children to a marriage, the length of a generation, &c., are collected by C. Ansell, jun., in his "Statistics of Families" (National Life Assurance Society: C. and E. Layton). The data have been collected from returns of 49,099 children of professional parents, and are compared with the "Carlisle Tables," the bases of the earlier assurance companies, the "English Life Tables" deduced by Dr. Farr from the mortality returns from '38 to '54, and the "Clergy Children" and "Peerage Families" experiences of Messrs. Ansell, sen., and A. H. Bailey. The main drift of the inquiry goes principally to show the greater security of the higher class from sickness or death in the dangerous periods of early life, and again at later ages in the superior healthfulness of the females. There are also many other interesting facts and tables on the proportion of the sexes in twin and triple births, calculations as to the probable number of a family from the interval between the birth of the first and second child, average age at marriage, &c., which the lover of facts and figures will have doubtless much satisfaction in working through.

Mr. Frederick Bruckmann has lately published some photographs from original paintings and designs of the late W. Von Kaulbach, forming the first series of the posthumous works of the master, the whole of which (about 200 plates) will be published in a similar series of about thirty plates each. They are intended to appear in six monthly intervals. The collection comprises works from his fifteenth year up to his death, thus offering excellent material for an examination of the artist's development. About the year 1860 Kaulbach commenced a grand composition, "The Deluge," of which nine cartoons are amongst his bequest; sketches rich of groups and figures, in which a bold imagination has depicted the last moments of an expiring world, despair and apathy, hope and hopelessness, and the struggle of unfettered passions. The photograph, "Otto III. in the Sepulchre of Charlemagne," is taken from the oil painting in the German Museum of Nuremberg. Mr. Bruckmann is also publishing water-colour reproductions of Karl von Rottmann's celebrated 28 frescoes of Italian landscape from the arcades of the Hofgarten at Munich.

Under the title of "Footsteps in the Way of Life" (Trübner and Co.), Miss Annette Salaman has put together "a collection of appropriate texts for guidance and comfort from Holy Scripture," which will be found very useful as an aid to the study of the Bible. By reference to this work the reader is at once directed to all those passages which bear severally upon the most important topics dealt with in the sacred writings, and thus each of the sixty-three chapters of the book constitutes a religious homily in itself. The work appears to have been executed carefully and conscientiously, and is entirely free from sectarian bias.

"Hymns and Sacred Lyrics." By G. Thring (King and Co.) It is refreshing to come upon a volume of sterling poetry of a sacred kind in these days, when the name of so-called sacred poets is legion, and their verses infinitely below the celestial. Mr. Thring's muse, though not of the very highest order, sings sweetly, and sings her own notes, and with such success that many of her sacred songs have already found their way to the principal hymnals of the present day, and to the hearts of thousands who have felt their soothing sweetness, and cherish them in their memory. The Hymns of Creation, and the Lent Hymn, are choice specimens of Mr. Thring's poetical gifts, and, like most of his poetry, they will be read with pleasure, and remembered with profit. "Lonely Thoughts," in its resistless charm of pathos, and in its exquisite tenderness, reminds us of the tenderest passages of Hood and Shelley. One little poem we must quote for the sake of its useful moral:

Judge not, 'tis not for man to judge,
Art thou from sin exempted,
Ye know not, ye who hasty judge,
How those ye judge were tempted.
Judge not, be gentle-hearted, kind,
For ye are not exempted,
Ye know not, though ye are guiltless now,
How soon ye may be tempted.



Statistics of Families: C. Ansell, jun. C. and E. Layton.
What I saw in Texas: J. W. Forney. Ringwell & Brown, Philadelphia.
Over the Hills and Far Away: C. Evans. S. Low.
The Intermediate Geography: Rev. A. Mackay. Blackwood.
The Tabernacle, its Priests and Services: W. Brown. W. Oliphant.
The Original: T. Walker. Edited by B. Jerrold. Grant and Co.
Arlon Grange, and a Christmas Legend: W. A. Gibbs. Provost.
The Life of Viscount Palmerston: Lord Dalling. Vol. III. Bentley.
Speeches of Edward Lord Lytton. 2 vols. W. Blackwood.
Queenie (a novel). 3 vols. Hurst.
Roman Imperial Profiles: J. S. Lee. Longmans.
Memoirs of John Grey: J. E. Butler. Revised Ed. H. S. King.
Penelope, and other Poems: Allison Hughes. H. S. King.
Brown as a Berry: G. Douglas. 3 vols. Tinsley Bros.
True to Her Trust. 3 vols. Tinsley Bros.
The Old Showmen of the Old London Fairs: T. Frost. Tinsley Bros.
History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce (illustrated): W. S. Lindsay. S. Low.
A Floating City, and the Blockade Runners: Jules Verne. S. Low.
The Nimrod of the Sea, or the American Whaler: W. Davis. S. Low.
The Transit of Venus (Nature Series): G. Forbes. Macmillan.
A Microscopical and Chemical Analysis of Certain Waters. W. Trousseau.
Latin Exercises on Barbarism: R. M. Millington. Longmans.



YACHTING—A FLYING START



MARRIAGE.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI, Major-General Italian Auxiliary Army, younger son of General GARIBALDI, to HARRIET CONSTANCE, youngest daughter of WILLIAM HOPCRAFT, Esq., of Oak Lawn, Anerley. Please copy.



DRAWING LESSONS by a Lady, on reasonable terms.—Address A. R., 27, Hamilton Road, Brighton.

EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES. South Cary House, Castle Cary, Bath. Terms, 40 guineas inclusive. A Governess Pupil required.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—Carte de Visite Portraits coloured by a process that gives all the finish and delicacy of a miniature painted on ivory, and ensures per manency.—Apply to A. R., 27, Hamilton Road, Prestonville, Brighton.

ORIDE GOLD.—Price Lists and Opinions of the Press free by post to any address. Alberts highly finished, 7s. 6d.; Brooch Chains, 7s. 6d. post free.—C. C. ROWE, 53, All Saints' Road, Westbourne Park, London.

PATENT Enamel Paper-hangings.—These beautiful papers, admitted unequalled by anything hitherto produced, can now be supplied in any quantity. OWEN and CO., 116 and 117, New Bond Street.

VIENNA Exhibition. Medal for Progress awarded J. S. FRY and SONS.

Medal FRY'S Caracas Cocoa. Moscow, 1873. owes its delicious flavour to the choice Caracas with which it is manufactured.

Medal FRY'S Extract of Cocoa. (Silver) Paris, 1867. A perfectly pure and delicious beverage prepared from choice Cocoa Nibs.

Nine FRY'S Caracas Chocolate. Prize Medals. in Yellow Wrappers. 6d. and 1s. per Cake.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS, BALLS, and DINNERS furnished complete, also Wines of the very best quality.—Bridicakes always ready for town or country. Estimates forwarded on application to RICHARD GUNTER, 23, Motcombe Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE. (THE WORCESTERSHIRE.) Pronounced by connoisseurs to be "the only good sauce." Improves the appetite and aids digestion. Beware of imitations. Sold wholesale by CROSSE and BLACKWELL, and retail by all grocers and oilmen universally.

IMPROVED and Economic Cookery.—Use LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT as "stock" for beef-tea, soups, made dishes, and sauces; gives fine flavour and great strength. Invariably adopted in households when fairly tried. CAUTION.—Genuine only with Baron Liebig's facsimile across label.

FOREIGN WINE CLUB, LIMITED.—Stores in London and St. Servan. Established for the supply of pure, good, and wholesome Wines, direct from the growers, at prices which will include only interest and expenses beyond actual cost price. Prospectuses and Price Lists can be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, No. 2, Falcon Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 66s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

KINAHAN'S—LL—Whisky—This celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very cream of Irish Whiskies, in quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "Kinahan LL Whisky." Wholesale, 20, Gt. Titchfield St., Oxford St., W.

THE HAIR.—We positively assert that Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is the only preparation that will certainly revive, renew, and restore the original and natural colour of grey or faded Hair, stop its falling off, and induce a luxuriant growth. Forty years of trial and success is the basis of this unqualified statement. It has never failed to satisfy the expectations of a rational purchaser. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, Price, 6s. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton Row, London.

LADIES' Ornamental Hair.—Unwin and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, 24, Piccadilly, and 6, Belgrave Mansions, Piccadilly, invite an inspection of their Ladies Perukes and Coverings for Thin Partings, copies of nature.

DUCHESSE Marie Coiffure.—A Novel Arrangement of Long Hair, which enables a Lady to dress it in any desired style. The design sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—24, Piccadilly; 6, Belgrave Mansions, S.W.

COILS of Long Hair and Spanish Combs, UNWIN and ALBERT supply the Coils, 28 in. long, for 21s.; Combs, 5s.; Curly, 10s. 6d., on receipt of P.O. order. 24, Piccadilly; and 6, Belgrave Mansions, near Victoria Station.

GOLDEN Hair.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 8s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEY and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C.; London; Pinaud and Meyer, Boulevard de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; 44, Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels; Caswell, Hazard, and Co., Fifth Avenue, Broadway, New York.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and BREATH.—Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Manufactured by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford Street, London, and Sold by all chemists and perfumers everywhere.

DENTOCRETE, or SOLUBLE TOOTH-POWDER TABLETS, for comfort, cleanliness, and efficacy, superseding all powders, pastes, &c. 2s. 6d. per box, containing more than half-a-gross each.—All chemists and perfumers, and wholesale of BARCLAY and SONS, Farringdon Street.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR. If your Hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER, for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Certificates from Dr. Versmann on every bottle, with full particulars.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve weeks. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford Street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Rowe and Co., Rangoon.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER Prevents Dandruff.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER Restores the Colour of the Hair.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Felton, Grimwade, and Co., Melbourne.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER Prevents Hair from Falling Out.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER will Cause Luxuriant Growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by W. A. Howard, Belize, Honduras.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER Causes Luxuriant Growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER Sold by most Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Treacher and Co., Bombay.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Mr. Sharland, Auckland.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "hair-dressings," as evinced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed: for if the glands are decayed and gone no stimulant can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following Testimonial from Dr. Versmann, Ph.D.:

"Dear Sir,—I have made a thorough chemical analysis of your preparation called 'The Mexican Hair Renewer,' and think it far superior to any hair preparation I have ever known. It is an ingenious compound, as harmless as it is beneficial."

(Signed) "FRED. VERSMANN"
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may be procured of any first-class Perfumer, Chemist, or Dealer in Toilet Articles throughout the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

What gives the hair a charming gloss,
And makes it look as soft as silk?
What gives luxuriance to each tress?
Why, all the world with truth confess
That nothing really can outvie,
And rank so justly and so high,
As "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."
What gives the hair an impulse great,
And brings it from each known retreat?
Why, Gallup's Famed Renewer stands,
And universal praise commands;
Whilst all acknowledge with delight
That nothing makes it half so bright
As "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."
The natural colour, by its use,
Like magic does its powers produce;
'Tis harmless, and of compounds rare,
Selected with special care,
And thus it is it ranks so high,
Whilst one and all may now rely
On "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp have much to do with the length of time it requires for new hair to grow; also, the oil or grease which will depend much upon the vital force remaining in the hair glands. New hairs are first seen to start around the margin of the bald spots, near the permanent hair, and extending upwards until the spots are covered more or less thickly with fine short hair. Excessive brushing should be guarded against as soon as the small hairs make their appearance; but the scalp may be sponged with rain-water to advantage occasionally. The scalp may be pressed and moved on the bone by the finger ends, which quickens the circulation and softens the spots which have remained long bald. On applying this hair dressing it enlivens the scalp, and, in cases where the hair begins to fall, a few applications will arrest it, and the new growth presents the luxuriance and colour of youth.

"The Mexican Hair Renewer" may be procured of any first-class Perfumer, Chemist, or Dealer in Toilet Articles throughout the Kingdom at 3s. 6d. per bottle. In case the dealer has not the preparation in stock, and recommends something else as being "similar," do not be deceived. In case he will not procure it for you, it will be sent free of freight upon receipt of 4s. to any part of England.

Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford Street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Carmichael and Co., Brisbane.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by M. Swann, Rue Castiglione, Paris.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by George Baker, Chemist, Geneva.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Malabre and Co., Kingston, Jamaica.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Bathgate and Co., Calcutta.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by B.G. Lennon, Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by W. Kingston, Malta.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by Thomas Plimmer, Barbadoes.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN Prematurely Grey, who have despaired of a restoration of the beauty of this wonderful natural ornament, will be surprised at the beneficial effect produced by a few applications of THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. The vital forces of the organs on which the hair depends will be re-established, and the growth present the luxuriance and colour of youth. When the hair begins to come out on combing it a few applications will arrest it.

"The Mexican Hair Renewer" should always be used on the first appearance of dandruff, for it keeps the head clean and cool. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is colourless, pleasantly perfumed, and renders the hair soft, pliant, and luxuriant. It gives the hair that peculiar richness and colour so essential to the toilet.

GLYKALINE.

THE NEW REMEDY FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF COLDS, CATARRHS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND HAY FEVER.

GLYKALINE, the Approved Specific, Cures Colds speedily (often in a few hours); gives ease to the Chest, relieves difficult breathing, and is beneficial to the disordered mucous surfaces.

GLYKALINE Cures Catarrhs readily and effectually.

GLYKALINE is really a Remedy for Influenza Colds.

GLYKALINE Cures Epidemic Colds and Congestion about the Head.

GLYKALINE is an undoubted alleviant of Asthma, may also be depended upon to Cure Hay Fever.

GLYKALINE, the Approved Specific, Cures Coughs, whether Dry or Expectoratory.

GLYKALINE, an honest and useful Specific, is essential to Families.

GLYKALINE, THE NEW REMEDY, is confidently but unpretentiously recommended to all who suffer from the above disorders.

GLYKALINE is administered in Drop Doses and the form of Spray.

GLYKALINE is prepared by Leath and Koss, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard and 9, Vere Street, W.

GLYKALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and sold by all Chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. The Price of the Spray Producer is 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

GLYKALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and sold by all Chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. The Price of the Spray Producer is 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

GLYKALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and sold by all Chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. The Price of the Spray Producer is 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

GLYKALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and sold by all Chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. The Price of the Spray Producer is 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

NEURALINE.

THE NEW REMEDY FOR THE INSTANT CURE OF ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE has received the approval of a wide circle of purchasers, and is recommended as a trustworthy Specific, without any inflated language.

NEURALINE, a Genuine Cure for Toothache (often obviating supposed necessary Extraction) will be found really serviceable in all cases of Neuralgia.

NEURALINE is indispensable to all sufferers from Nerve-Pains resulting from Colds, and may confidently be used as a Cure for Sciatica.

NEURALINE is a reliable means for Curing Rheumatism and Gout.

NEURALINE is valuable for its ability to remove Congestive Headache.

NEURALINE relieves Lumbago and affections of the loin-muscles.

NEURALINE is an Instant Cure for Surface Pains.

NEURALINE penetrates through the Skin to the definite source of pain. It should be applied externally, and freely used.

NEURALINE, THE NEW REMEDY, is now in public demand in all parts of the world. In all cases it gives relief; in most, cures permanently; in some, is successful by a single application.

NEURALINE is prepared by Leath and Koss, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard and 9, Vere Street, W.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE is protected by Government Stamp, and Sold by all Chemists, in bottles (with illustrations directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHEAP GOODS.—PETER ROBINSON, finding it necessary for the further development of his "MOURNING BUSINESS," to remodel and enlarge the Show-rooms in his "REGENT STREET" Premises, will, during the progress of the works to make more room, SELL all ARTICLES in each of the Departments at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES reduced from 8 guineas to £6 18s. 6d., from 10 guineas to 8 guineas, from £20 to £16 10s. **BLACK STUFF COSTUMES,** JACKETS (sleeveless) richly bugied, RICH SEAL FUR JACKETS, CARRIAGE CLOAKS, Lined Fur, FANCY DRESSES and Costumes, BLACK STUFFS, SUNSHADES and all Fancy Goods, } Are reduced in like proportion

OBSERVE.—PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 256, 258, 260, 262 REGENT STREET.

A GOOD BLACK SILK for £3 10s.

for 14 yards (Degoves), any length cut.

For a sample pattern send to PETER ROBINSON'S Mourning Warehouse, 256 to 262, Regent Street, London.

URGENT MOURNING.

"ON Receipt of Letter or Telegram," MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge. PETER ROBINSON'S General Mourning Warehouse, 256, Regent Street, London.

MOURNING for FAMILIES, in correct TASTE, can be purchased at PETER ROBINSON'S, of Regent Street, at a great saving in price.

<

IMPERIAL Black Silks can only be procured at CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.
GROS GRAIN . . . 3s. 11d. per yard.
BLACK SILKS . . . Imperial make . . . 4s. 11d. "
BLACK SILKS . . . Bonnet's . . . 4s. 11d. "
BLACK SILKS . . . Good quality . . . 2s. 11d. "
BLACK SILKS . . . Rich Lyons . . . 5s. 11½d. "
RICH LYONS CORDED SILKS, 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 11d.

JAPANESE Silks.
The demand for these Silks continues unabated. I have just concluded the largest purchase ever made by one firm, viz. :— 70,000 Yards at 1s. 11½d. per yard.
48,000 Yards at 2s. 3½d. per yard.
100,000 Yards Highest Quality Made, 2s. 6½d. per yard.
There are more than 200 colourings of each of the above pieces

NEW PATENT VELVETEEN.
First delivery of BLACK NEW PATENT VELVETEENS, Silk-finished, equal in appearance to the most costly foreign velvet. Reviewed in *The Queen*, Sept. 1870. This superior make is solely consigned to myself.
Review.—“We have experimented on a fragment of this New Patent Velvet, and find it to be a glass receiver under some inches of water, but found on examination the material in possession of its original tint and lustre.” Prices 2s. 11d., 4s., 5s. 3d., and 5s. 11d. 27 to 29 inches wide.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
DANISH Silk-finished Tinted Alpaca
(As worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales).
This famous Alpaca, which has obtained a world-wide reputation for its perfection of finish, the surface always looking bright and silky which ever way it is held, is pronounced by competent judges to be simply lovely. All the new tints, Ardoise, Rochers, Tenche, Gris Russe, Christiana Grey, Gris Souris, Reseda, Pearl Grey, Dead Turquoise, Black, White, Pink, Sky, &c.
Any length cut, 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 inches wide. The above are more beautiful than ever. Patterns free.

GRENADINES Algeriennes.
FOR WEDDINGS, BALLS, DINNERS, AND EVENING WEAR.
Notwithstanding the many pretty novelties introduced for evening dress nothing has yet superseded ALGERIENNE GRENADINE. No merchant in England can supply the public with anything like the variety that I can. Any length cut. From 6d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

CHAPMAN'S FRENCH MERINOES.
Unrivalled; have a beautiful Cashmere finish produced by a new patented process. The choicest colouring dyed expressly for me, including the new shades of crushed Strawberries or Strawberry Ice Cream. Finest quality manufactured. 2s. 11½d. per yard. 45 inches wide. 2nd quality, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

HELVELLYN or MOUNTAIN SERGE
This novelty is made in wide width only!—“54 inches” with a rough surface, and in a great variety of clear and undecided shades. A splendid material for a really useful dress. 3s. 11d. and 6s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

BRADFORD HOMESPUNS.
My patterns represent specimens from the best Bradford looms, and as these Homespuns are more highly finished than any others which come into the market, the assortment I can submit to my patrons in this one particular cloth alone will convince them that my stock is, besides being very extensive, well chosen. 2s. 11d. per yard, 29 inches wide.

CHEVIOT HOMESPUNS.
Real Scotch all wool Homespuns are unequalled for durability, weight, and quality. Some charming mixtures in this speciality, mountain tints. 2s. 6d. per yard, 29 inches wide.

CHAPMAN'S, Notting Hill, W.
OPPOSITE HOLLAND PARK.

DENNIS STEPHENS and Co.,
60, REGENT STREET, W.
Two Doors from the County Fire Office, UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS.
ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS. . . 2s. 6d. yard.
ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS. . . 3s. 6d. yard.
ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS. . . 4s. 6d. yard.
ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS. . . 5s. 6d. yard.
ROYAL COURT VELVETEENS; their distinctive characteristic is their rich, deep, fast blacks.

COLOURED VELVETEENS, ROYAL COURT FINISH.
In the choicest colourings, Violet des Alpes, Mexique, Bronze, Olive, Myrtle, Navy Blue, &c. Prices 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. per yard.

FRENCH MERINOS.
The largest stock to choose from in the kingdom. There are seventy distinct colourings. The finest quality manufactured. Most enduring wear. 45in. wide, 2s. 11½d. per yard.
FRENCH MERINOS, Second Quality, 40in. wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.
DENNIS STEPHENS & CO., 60, Regent Street, W.

TURKISH WEBBING
Represents a foreign novelty, and is similar in appearance to the towelling of that name. Each thread which forms the crossbar is twisted before weaving, giving to the material a stability which is bound to resist a great deal of hard wear, 3s. 9d. per yard, 27 in. wide.

HOMESPUNS.
Every variety of this now famous dress fabric ready for inspection. Real Scotch Homespuns, which are made much wider than others, are produced in some beautiful heather mixtures. The yarns being free from inferior dyes, they are specially recommended for useful wear. 56 in., 52 in., and 30 in. wide, 3s. 11d., 3s. 3d., and 2s. 9d. per yard.

YORKSHIRE HOMESPUNS.
This is a very prettily finished cloth, quite different from the above, being much finer, and retaining that softness which most English ladies like in a woollen garment. 2s. 6½d., 1s. 9½d., 1s. 7½d. per yard, 30 in. and 27 in. wide.

BERGELDIE TWEED.
This handsome diagonal Tweed, having a richer and bolder appearance when made up in the piece, is fast becoming a favourite material for walking costumes. 29 in. wide, 2s. 6d. per yard.

BRIGHTON SERGE.
A very favourite serge for travelling purposes, being made in some pretty dust shades, and having sufficient firmness to resist pressure without being stiff. 27 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. per yard.

MADRAS
Is a name given to a remarkably cheap and pretty fabric. Although the price is small, it is not at all a common looking material, but, on the contrary, essentially a lady's dress. 26 in., 1s. 0½d. per yard.

IMPERIAL SERGE.
A very rich and effective-looking serge, and thicker than any other kind. It is made in choice colourings. Very stylish for walking costumes. 30 in. wide, 3s. 3d. per yard.

ROUBAIX MANUFACTURES.
These world-renowned goods are very cheap this season. These pure wool Repps we can offer at 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 in. wide. “Coulour Fin.”

DENNIS STEPHENS and CO.,
60, REGENT STREET, W.

PATTERNS SENT FREE.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Cheapest
House in London for SILKS, Dress Fabrics, and Mourning is BAKER and CRISP'S, Regent Street.

PATTERNS SENT FREE.
BLACK SILKS.
198, Regent Street. The Royal Standard BLACK SILKS of guaranteed durability and the best value in London, from 29s. 6d. to 5s. 3d.

PATTERNS FREE.
COLOURED SILKS.
From 29s. 6d. dress. Plain, Striped, and FANCY SILKS, at BAKER and CRISP'S. The best value for the money. Patterns free.—198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
JAPANESE SILKS.
Evening, Wedding, Dinner, and Useful JAPANESE SILKS, in every conceivable colour and style.—198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
VELVETEENS.
From 17s. 6d. dress. BAKER and CRISP'S Silk Mole skin VELVETEENS, for wear and appearance are equal to the richest velvets. In Black, Striped, and all Colours.—198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
SERGES! SERGES!
BAKER and CRISP. SERGES.—The real Estemane Government, and every other Serge, in all colours, from 10½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. 198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS SENT FREE.
HOMESPUNS.
From 1s. Homespuns at BAKER and CRISP'S from the Principality. Homespuns of all Nations for all Seasons, Climates, and Occasions, from 1s. to 4s. 6d. yard.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
BAKER and CRISP'S
From 10s. 6d. dress. New Autumn, French, and other Fabrics, the best variety in the Kingdom, at the lowest prices.—198, Regent Street, London.

PATTERNS SENT FREE.
FRENCH MERINOS.
Extraordinary. 1,000 Pieces, in all 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d. yard. The desirable shades of colour; the best value in London.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

PATTERNS FREE.
BAKER and CRISP'S
BOOK OF BLACK FABRICS, containing 40 different makes for Mourning, 10½d. to 4s. 6d. yard. Every lady should write for this Book when requiring a Black Dress.—198, Regent Street.

THE MARVEL OF MARVELS.
Sent for remittance. REAL RUSSIAN SEALSKIN JACKETS, from 6½ to 12 guineas each. Ladies are respectfully invited to value these goods before purchasing elsewhere.—198, Regent St., London.

COSTUMES.
The most Lady-like Costumes, the height of fashion, Polonaises, &c., of the most recherche character, at the most extraordinary prices for such productions.
BAKER and CRISP, 191, Regent Street, London.

A. LYNES and SON'S WINTER NOVELTIES IN ATTIRE FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
FASHION'S PHOTOGRAPHS,
Their new Winter Publication, Gratis and Free by Post to any part. Contains forty illustrations of the most elegant and becoming modes. PATTERNS of any desired fabrics also free by post.

A. LYNES and SON,
MERCHANT TAILORS and BOY'S OUTFITTERS, RIDING HABITS, COSTUMES, UNIFORMS, LIVERIES, &c. KENSINGTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

FABRICS to resist Boys' Hard Wear.
SUIT FOR A BOY, 4 feet in height, C Class, 25s. D Class, 30s. 6d. Price ascending or descending according to size. Special Showrooms are devoted to the Juvenile Department. SAMUEL BROTHERS guarantee to supply the very Finest Materials, with gentlemanly style, sound and exquisite workmanship, and perfect fit.
Patterns and Guide to Self-measurement sent free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, 50, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

PATTERNS FREE FROM LONDON.
GEORGE HOBSON and CO.'S SHOOTING SUITS.
The New Glenurquhart, and Knickerbockers, and Checks, in Scotch Blair Athole Mixtures, and Imperial Royal Blue Cheviots, for Travelling, Shooting, Fishing, Tourist, and Yachting Suits, £3 3s., £3 10s., £4 4s.
The new Elastic Cloths for Frock and Morning Coats and Overcoats, £2 15s., £3 3s., £3 10s., £4 4s.
The New Autumnal Rousers, 10s.
The New French Cashmere Waistcoats, 13s., 15s.
Excellence with Economy.
Illustrations and Improved System of Self-measurement free by post.
Now to be obtained at 148, Regent Street, and 57, Lombard Street, London.
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVIII. CENTURY.

DINNEFORD'S Fluid Magnesia.—The
best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. Also a good mild aperient. DINNEFORD and CO., 172, New Bond Street, London.
And of all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S Pills are the finest
purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and, as a general family medicine have no equal.

THE FALL of the LEAF.—At this
SEASON PARR'S LIFE PILLS are used by THOUSANDS. They clear from the body all hurtful impurities, and promote a regular and healthy action of the Liver and Bowels. Sold by all Chemists.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—
Medical Testimony states that no medicine is so effectual as the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH. They contain no violent drug, and can be used by the most delicate. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, by all Chemists.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER DRESSES.
Homespun, English, Irish, French, and Scotch Manufacture, including Cheviot Homespuns, Registered Homespuns, Heavy Homespuns, Navy Homespuns, French Homespuns, Grampian Homespuns. Price from 6½d. to 1s. 9½d. a yard, 26 to 28 inches wide.
Double width Homespuns. Victoria Tweeds and Melton Cloths, 50 to 54 inches wide, 2s. 6½d. to 6s. 11d. a yard.
Navy Blue Serges, 34d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 10½d., and 2s. 6d. a yard.
All Wool Serges in Olive, Myrtle, Prune, and a variety of other new shades, 1s. 0½d. to 2s. 6½d.
All Wool French Poplins, exquisite shades, 1s. 0½d. to 1s. 11½d.
Rouen Satten Cloth, all wool, and beautifully assorted in Autumn Shades, 1s. 0½d. to 1s. 11½d. a yard.
French Merinos. A Large Stock of this useful material, of the finest colours, the leading prices 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
French Silk and all Wool Repps; Aberdeen and Cope Winseys; Light Fabrics for Ball and Dinner Dresses.
Patterns of all kinds post-free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S
SILK and VELVET DEPARTMENT.
BLACK SILKS.—The Queen's Cashmere Silk. We have entered into a contract with one of the first Lyons Manufacturers for the exclusive sale of this celebrated Silk, it is pure, bright, and has the richest effect. Patterns will be sent for inspection and comparison, at 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 9d., and 11s. 9d. a yard.
Black Gro Grain, a remarkable cheap silk, very heavy, price 3s. 9d. a yard, full 22 inches wide.
A good Black Gro Grain, or Glacé, 24 inches wide, 2s. 11½d. a yard.
Coloured Silks, new shades, at 2s. 11½d. and 3s. 11½d.
Coloured Satins, a cheap lot, all pure silk, at 1s. 8½d.
Japanese Silks in all shades, 1s. 11½d. to 2s. 4½d.
Yokohama Silk, Silver Grey, the leather make, 44 inches wide, at 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 11d.; the quality at 4s. 11d. is equal to those usually sold at 6s. 11d.
COLOURED SILK VELVETS.
Two Very Cheap Parcels, in all the new colours, at 4s. 11d. and 6s. 11d.
Patterns free. Close on Saturday at Six o'Clock.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 180.
For OCTOBER. Price 1s.
CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER.
1.—Joseph Priestly. By Professor Huxley, F.R.S.
2.—Castle Daly: The Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago. Chapters XXII.—XXIV.
3.—Scholars and Friars: A Chapter in the History of Ecclesiastical Strife. By George L. B. Wildg.
4.—On Mr. Swinburne's "Boothwell."
5.—Lady Duff Gordon. A Short Memoir, by her Daughter.
6.—The Fool of Five Foss: a Tale. By Mr. H. G.
7.—The Poor Whites of India: A Few Words Regarding Them. By Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I.
8.—Prussia and the Vatican. II. The Relations between Church and State in Prussia up to 1850.
Note to Article on "Dies Irae."
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

THE ART JOURNAL
For OCTOBER (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following
LINE ENGRAVINGS:
I. THE ATTACK. From the Picture by W. Hunt.
II. THE GHOST-STORY. From the Picture by W. Buss.
III. RED-GATHERING. From the Picture by G. Jundt.
LITERARY CONTENTS:—
The Michael Angelo Commemoration. By J. Beavington Atkinson.
Lille Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art. By Mrs. Bury Palmer.
Ancient Stone Crosses of England. By A. Kimmner.
Illustrated.
Manners of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon Races. By J. Jackson Jarvis.
Life on the Upper Thames. By H. R. Robertson. Illustrated.
London: VIRTUE and CO., Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

Price Sixpence.
FAMILY HERALD Part for October,
containing the concluding chapters of "Old Myddelton's Money."
The *Saturday Review* says: "Its novels and tales are quite as well written as the best circulating library stories."

Price Sixpence.
FAMILY Herald (Part 377).
Post free, 15 Halfpenny Stamps.
The *Bookseller* says:—"For amusing reading, such as may be admitted to one's household without fear of consequences, we can recommend the FAMILY HERALD. You get portions of a well-written novel, novelettes, and a variety of other matters, which will make readers either merrier or wiser, or perhaps both."
London: WILLIAM STEVENS, 42r, Strand, W.C.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Edited by W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D., LL.D. Sixpence Monthly, Illustrated.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NEW
STORY is begun in the OCTOBER PART.

CONTENTS for OCTOBER:—
Bessy Wells. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," "Oswald Cray," &c. Chaps. I.—III.
Recollections of Dr. Livingstone and the Zambesi. By James Stewart, M.D. I.—IV.
The Colporteur in Ireland. By W. G. Blairie, D.D.
A Benediction. By C. Brooke.
The Church Bells. By the Rev. George B. Wheeler, M.A.
Jesus and the Resurrection. By A. L. Waring.
Harvest-Praise. By Alexander Raleigh, D.D.
A Missionary Pioneer. By P. Y. Reid.
Acceptance in Christ. By William T. M'Auslane.
The Lord's Controversy. By Rev. Professor Stanley Leathes, M.A.
October. By E. Conder Grey.
Little Jeanne. By Caroline North.
Our Swiss Guide. By Frances Ridley Havergal.
A Eventide it shall be Light. By the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."
Orphans and Imbeciles. By H. A. Page.
Religious Life in the Fourteenth Century. By the Rev. Professor Lindsay, D.D. I. The Dominican Preacher.
The Editor's Room.
And 12 Illustrations by F. Barnard, T. Sulman, J. Carlsles and others.
DALDY, ISBISTER, and CO., 56, Ludgate Hill, London.

THE "Rainbow," published monthly,
price 6d., contains papers by theological scholars on the Revealed Future of the Church and the World. Its great object is the restoration of Biblical doctrine respecting the nature of man and the promised kingdom of God. It exposes the dogmatic errors which theology has retained since the dark ages; it proves that man is not immortal by nature, but that immortality is exclusively the gift of God in Christ; that the dogma of everlasting misery is no part of revelation; that the sublime work of the Redeemer will issue in a cleansed universe, with kindred topics of profound and universal interest.



CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers.

NOW READY AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.
MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.
LOST for LOVE: a Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., in Three Vols., crown 8vo.

QUIDA'S NOVELS. Uniform Edition,
each complete in One Volume, crown 8vo, red cloth extra, price 5s.
Folle-Farine. Pascar: Only a Story.
Idalia: A Romance. Puck: His Vicissitudes, Adventures, &c.
Chandos: a Novel. Under Two Flags. A Dog of Flanders and other Stories.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. Strathmore: or, Wrought by his own Hand.
Tricotrin: The Story of a Waif and Stray. Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Held in Bondage: or, Granville de Vigne.

LES MISERABLES, COMPLETE IN THREE PARTS.
VICTOR HUGO'S FANTINE. Now
first published in a complete English Translation. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.
VICTOR HUGO'S COSETTE and MARIUS. Translated into English, complete. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
VICTOR HUGO'S SAINT DENIS and JEAN VALJEAN. Translated into English complete. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. 6d.

JERROLD'S (Douglas) The BARBER'S
CHAIR, and other Stories. Now for the first time published. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Crown 8vo, with Steel Portrait, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

BYRON'S (Lord) LETTERS AND
JOURNALS, with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, complete in a thick volume, 1,000 pp., with Twelve fine full-page Plates. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

SHERIDAN'S COMPLETE WORKS.
With Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c.; with a Collection of Sheridaniana. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with a beautifully executed Portraits and Scenes from his Plays, 7s. 6d.

MUSES of MAYFAIR; Vers de Societe
of the Nineteenth Century; including Selections from Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, Austin Dobson, Jean Ingelow, Locker, Ingoldby, Hood, Lytton, C. S. C. andor, Henry S. Leigh, and many others. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-FENNEL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

CAROLS of COCKAYNE: Vers de
Societe descriptive of London Life. By HENRY S. LEIGH. Third Edition, with numerous Illustrations by Alfred Concanen. Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, 5s.
CHATTO and WINDUS, 74 and 75, Piccadilly, London, W.

NOTICE TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.
Now Ready, price 3d.
CASELL'S TIME TABLES for
OCTOBER.
Renders unnecessary the trouble of long search for through routes, and is universally acknowledged as being the most easy of reference.
At all Newsagents, Railway Bookstalls, and Receiving Houses.
CASELL, PETTER, and CALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.
Price 3d., post free 4d.,
Waverley—Guy Mannering—Antiquary—Rob Roy—Ivanhoe—Mystery—Kenilworth—Pirate—Fortunes of Nigel—Peveril of the Peak, and Quentin Durward—Original Text—Original Notes.
London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

Second Edition. Sent post free for 1s. 1d. in stamps.
LONDON, CHATHAM, and DOVER
RAILWAY.
ITS POSITION ANALYSED
and its
PROSPECTS REVIEWED.
By WILLIAM ABBOT,
Stock Exchange, London.
BATES, HENDY, & CO., Publishers, 4, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Price 6d. each, at all Bookstalls.
PANORAMIC RAILWAY GUIDES.—
Now ready, the MIDLAND the LONDON & NORTH WESTERN, the LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN.
A Diagram of the Railway occupies the centre of each page. The direction of the trains is indicated by types representing locomotives and carriages: the stations and junctions are clearly shown, and the distances given. On the down and up sides is a description of the scene which presents itself through the carriage window; and whatever locally pertains to history, biography, science, agriculture, manufactures or commerce, is pointed out in plain language and readable type.
London: BEMROSE and SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

THE GRAPHIC VOLUMES.
Vol. IX. is now ready, handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt edges, and containing upwards of 500 illustrations drawn by the most eminent artists, of all the events of interest of the period.
It also contains the greater portion of Victor Hugo's New Romance, entitled "Ninety-Three," and relating to the most dramatic period of the French Revolution.
These Volumes form elegant presents, are useful works of reference, and welcome guests in every gentleman's family. Price 20s. each; can be obtained of every bookseller in the Kingdom.

CHARLES HALLE'S Practical Piano-
Section 1, No. 1, PIANO-FORTE TUTOR. Sections 1 to 4 complete. Two numbers of Sec. 5 are now ready.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London, 272, Regent Circus, Oxford Street; Manchester, Cross Street & South King Street.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Mr. G. H.
JONES, Dental Surgeon, 57, Great Russell Street, immediately opposite the British Museum, guarantees by his unique system painless adaptation of Improved Prize Medal Teeth. Sets from 5 to 30 guineas. Single Teeth from 5s. to 1 guinea. The above Institution is Protestant and non-sectarian.

CAMBRIAN Sanatorium for Women.
Established 1869.
PLAS LLEWELYN LLANDUDNO. Open throughout the year.
LADY SUPERINTENDENT—Mrs. Goode (widow of Mr. Goode, D.D., Dean of Ripon).
HON. PHYSICIAN—J. Nichol, Esq., M.D., Llandudno.
BANKERS—Messrs. Goslings and Sharpe, 19, Fleet Street London, E.C.
CONVALESCENT CASES.
Persons who have received a nomination for a month are charged 7s. 6d. per week. Should they remain beyond our weeks the charge is 12s. 6d. per week. Persons who have not received a nomination are admitted by recommendation of a minister, &c., on payment of 11s. 6d. per week.
The above Institution is Protestant and non-sectarian. All communications to be addressed to Mrs. Goode.



NEW NUMBERS of CHAPPELL'S
MUSICAL MAGAZINE.
108. FIFTEEN FAVOURITE WELSH SONGS, with
Pianoforte Accompaniments.
107. TWENTY-FIVE REVIVAL HYMNS, arranged for
Voice and Pianoforte.
106. FORTY-FOUR POPULAR SCOTCH SONGS, with
Pianoforte Accompaniment.
Price One Shilling each; post-free 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES.—
CHAPPELL and CO. beg to announce that their
ANNUAL SALE of Pianofortes by all the best makers,
returned from hire, is now on.
Show Rooms—49, 50, and 51, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Three-Years'
SYSTEM of HIRING PIANOFORTES.
CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOFORTES on the THREE-
YEARS' SYSTEM of HIRE, by which the Instrument be-
comes the property of the hirer at the end of the third year,
provided each instalment shall have been regularly paid in
advance.
PIANINOS, from 8 to 10 Guineas per Annum.
COTTAGE PIANOFORTES, from 12 to 20 Guineas per
Annum.
N.B.—The Three Years' System of Hire and Purchase is also
applied to ALL OTHER INSTRUMENTS upon terms to
be agreed upon.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, with particulars, may
be had on application to CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New
Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Three Years'
SYSTEM of HIRING ALEXANDRE'S HAR-
MONIUMS.—In these cases the Instrument must be hired
for three years certain, and provided each quarterly instal-
ment shall have been regularly paid in advance, the Instru-
ment becomes the property of the hirer at the expiration of
the third year.
HARMONIUMS by ALEXANDRE, from 5 to 22 Guineas
per Annum.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, with every particular,
will be sent post free on application to CHAPPELL and CO.,
59, New Bond Street.

THE PEOPLE'S HARMONIUM (Re-
gistered): Four octaves. FOUR GUINEAS.
THE PEOPLE'S HARMONIUM (Re-
gistered): Five octaves. FIVE GUINEAS.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and Co.,
Wholesale Agents for
ALEXANDRE'S Harmoniums
For Great Britain and the Colonies
59, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s School-Room
PIANOFORTE, in Canadian Walnut or Mahogany
Case. Price TWENTY GUINEAS. This Instrument combines
good quality of tone and excellence of workmanship. It has
the merit of standing well in tune, and is capable of enduring
hard school practice without going out of order.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street.

IL TALISMANO.—Edith's Prayer (Pla-
cida Nette), by M. W. BALFE. Sung by Madame Chris-
tine Nilsson. Original key, 45. "Edith's Prayer" in C, 45.
"Edith's Prayer" in B flat, 45. Sent for 2s. each.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

IL TALISMANO.—The Lady Eveline
(Canzone d'Elvina), by M. W. BALFE. Sung by Madame
Christine Nilsson. Original key, 45. "The Lady Eveline,"
in C, 45. Sent for 2s. each.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

IL TALISMANO.—Radiant Splendours
(Nella viva trepidanza), sung by Madame Christine
Nilsson in M. W. BALFE's Grand Opera. Original key, 45.
"Radiant Splendours" in B flat, 45. Sent for 2s. each.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

IL TALISMANO.—Keep the Ring (Teco)
il serbal. Duet, sung by Madame Christine Nilsson and
Signor Campanini. Original edition, 45. "Keep the Ring,"
abridged for drawing-room performance, 45. Sent for 2s. each.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ALL MUSIC HALF PRICE and POST
FREE.—HOPWOOD and CREW supply all orders by
return of post. Music not in stock procured to order. Lists
forwarded gratis. Music tried over.—42, New Bond Street.

MISS EDITH WYNNE'S New Song,
"THAT SONG OF THINE," composed expressly
for her by J. R. THOMAS. Now ready, post free for 18 stamps.
—HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond Street.

R. COOTE'S "HOW TO DANCE."
New Edition. Containing the "Spring Valse" (4 trois
temps). The most complete work written on Dancing.—Post
free for 13 stamps.—HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond St.

Just published.
SWEETLY PRETTY WALTZES, by
C. COOTE, Jun., on the choicest melodies of the day.
A Splendid Set for Dancing. Beautifully illustrated with
portraits of Mrs. Rousby. Post-free for 24 stamps, Solo or Duet.
—HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond Street.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S Music and
Musical Instrument Warehouse. All music published in
the United Kingdom may be obtained at their Establishment,
where may be seen every novelty immediately on publication.
Their stock comprises the largest collection of music in the
trade. All sheet music supplied at half-price and post free.
Town and Country orders attended to by return of post.
Musical Boxes, Guitars, Zithers, Concertinas and other small
Instruments at all prices. Metronomes with and without bell.
Digitiums, 1 and 2 octaves, kept in stock.—201, Regent St., W.

KREBS' STUDY in B FLAT, and
Beethoven's Polonaise, Op. 9, 23, played by Mlle.
Marie Krebs, are published by D. DAVISON and CO., 244,
Regent Street, and sent free for 18 stamps each.

PIANOS, on the Three Years' System,
at 10s. PER MONTH.
HARMONIUMS, ON THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM,
at 10s. per month. The instrument becomes the property of
the hirer in three years if the hire is kept paid up.—THOMAS
OETZMANN & CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate
Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicole's celebrated
Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price,
£4 to £40. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis, post
free.—Apply WALES and McCULLOCH, as above.

MONEY, Time, and Life are Lost in
THE EVENT OF
ACCIDENTAL INJURY OR DEATH
Provide against these Losses by a Policy of the
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Against Accidents of all kinds.
The Oldest and Largest Accidental Assurance Company.
Hon A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
£20,000 have been paid as compensation.
64, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT STREET, LONDON.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

NEW MUSIC.

NOVELTIES in MUSIC. Post free at

Half Price in Stamps.
VOCAL.
When the Ship Comes Home. Lindsay. In two keys. 4s.
The Hills of Light. Abt. 3s.
Dear England. Diehl. 3s.
A Proposal. Foster. 3s.
Aim High. Gadsby. 3s.
Passing Clouds. Gadsby. 3s.
And so will I. Pinsuti. 3s.
Flow, Gentle River. Fricker. 3s.
The Land of Love. Pinsuti. 3s.
Our Dear Old Church of Eng-
land. 3s.: as a part song
2s.
PIANO.
When the Ship. B. Richards. 4s.
When Sparrows Build. Do. 3s.
Voices from the Burnside.
Rockstro. 4s.
Chant du Soldat. F. Lemoine.
4s.
Classics at Home. W. Small-
wood. 1 to 12. Each 2s. 6d.
The Warbling Lute. W.
Smallwood. 3s.
Evening. B. Richards. 3s.
Silver Peals. B. Tours. 4s.
The Skylark's Song. B. Tours.
4s.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

HYMN of the OLD CATHOLICS.—
Arranged for the pianoforte by ARTHUR POLINSKI. 3s.
Also by the same composer, for the pianoforte, an "Austrian
Hymn," 2s. 6d. Both post free at half-price, in stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

GRATIS and POST FREE.—LATEST
LIST of MUSICAL NOVELTIES (Vocal and Piano-
forte, for 1874, issued by Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.,
New Burlington Street, Publishers to the Queen and H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales.

GEORGE FREDERICK WEST'S
GENIUS from the GREAT MASTERS, transcribed for
the PIANOFORTE, or Numbers 35, each: post free 18
stamps each. A list of this valuable series may be had gratis
and post free of the Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THOSE EVENING BELLS (generally
supposed to be the composition of Beethoven). "Mr.
Geo. F. West has transcribed for the pianoforte in a very
elegant and fluent manner."—*Vict. 744 Graphic*. 4s. Also his
transcription of "The Last Rose of Summer," same price,
post free for 24 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.,
New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

WHAT is your Crest and Motto?—
Send Name and County to Culleton's Heraldic Office.
35, 6d. plain; sketched in Heraldic Colours, 7s. 6d.: Crest engraved
on seals, book plates, and steel dies, 7s. 6d. "Manual of
Heraldry," 3s. 6d., post free, by T. CULLETON, 25, Cran-
bourn Street corner of St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

CULLETON'S Plates for Marking Linen
require no preparation, and are easily used. Initial
plates, 1s.; sets, 2s. 6d.; set of moveable numbers,
6d.; Crest or monogram plate, 3s.; with directions post
free for cash or stamps, by T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn
Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

VISITING Cards by Culleton.—Fifty,
best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving
of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed En-
velopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal
Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery
contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 En-
velopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and
Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel
Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLE-
TON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane)

RAISED Monograms, by Culleton.—
Quarter ream of paper and 125 high-flap envelopes,
stamped in four rich colours with a beautiful monogram, 5s.
No charge for engraving die.—T. CULLETON, engraver to
the Queen and designer to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn
Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane

WEDDING and Birthday Presents at
HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY, London.
Dressing Bags, 4s. to 5s. Envelope Cases, 2s. to 4s.
Dressing Cases, 2s. to 4s. Interiors, 2s. to 4s.
Flower Vases, 2s. to 4s. Candlesticks (per pair) 12s. to 45s.
Jardinieres (per pair) 4s. to 5s. Belts & Chatelaines, 2s. to 4s.
Caskets (oxidised, &c.) 2s. to 4s. Card Trays, 2s. to 4s.

Writing Table Sets, of new and elegant designs, 3s. 6d. to 4s.
Rodrigues' 10 guinea silver-fitted Travelling Dressing Bag.
Rodrigues' 10 guinea Ladies' Dressing Case, silver-fitted.
And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and
Parisian Novelties suitable for PRESENTS, from 5s. to 4s.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with
patent leather guards, four portraits on a page, interleaved
for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. to 45s.
Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

RODRIGUES' Monograms, Crests, and
ADDRESSES designed, and STEEL DIES engraved
as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in
gold, relief, and brilliantly illuminated in gold, silver, and
colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, London.

VISITING Cards, at H. Rodrigues'.
A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superlative cards
printed for 5d. Ball Programmes of novel and beautiful
designs printed in the latest fashion.—42, Piccadilly, W.

PENS! Pens! Pens!
JUST OUT! THE HINDOO PENS!—"The misery of a
bad pen is now a voluntary affliction."
Reading Herald says—"The world has been endowed with
one of the greatest blessings in the manufacture of these
excellent Pens."

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,"
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.
Shrewsbury Journal says—"They are the best Pens in-
vented, and it is only bare justice to the Patentees to record
the fact."

1,200 Newspapers recommend
(For their names, see *Graphic* May 17, 1873).
THE PENS OF
MACNIVEN and CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair St., Edinburgh.
Sold everywhere, 1s., by post, 1s. 1d.

JET BEADS for Embroidery, Trimmings,
and FLOWERS. Manufacturers and the Trade supplied
at wholesale prices with not less than one packet of 100
bunches. Samples on application. Country Orders must be
accompanied by a remittance. J. P. MANN and CO., Direct
Importers, 39, St. Mary Axe, London.

MAPPIN Brothers, Manufacturers
SILVER PLATE. Tea and Coffee Services. Ivory Table Knives.
Tea Trays and Waiters. Dessert Knives and Forks.
Spoons and Forks. Fish ditto, ditto.
Dishes and Dish Covers. Fish Carvers.
Beverages. Fruit Stands. Canteens of Cutlery

The Stores they keep in London at 67 and 68, King William
Street, London Bridge, also at 220, Regent Street, W., is very
large and well assorted, being all of first-class quality and
design; it is sent direct from their own works at Baker Hill in
Sheffield. Illustrated Catalogue sent free by post. 67 and 68,
King William Street, London Bridge, or 220, Regent Street, W.
Established A.D. 1810 at Sheffield.

TO be Sold, much below their original
cost, four Second-hand GEM RINGS, viz.:—Diamond
and Emerald Gipsy Ring, Diamond and Ruby Gipsy Ring,
Single-stone Opal Ring, and an Opal and Diamond Cluster
Ring.—To be seen at Mr. Burton's, 59, Cheapside, E.C.

COALS, Iron, and Lime.
Works: Clay Cross, Chesterfield.
Chief London Office: 12, Burwood Place, Edgware Road, W
Sale of Coal upwards of 500,000 tons per annum.
Cash on delivery.
All orders to Chief Office as above.

NEW MUSIC.

BALLAD OPERAS NOW READY,
a New Edition of the following Ballad Operas:
LOVE in a VILLAGE. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.
ROSINA. NO SONG, NO SUPPER.
With new Symphonies and Accompaniments, by
H. HATTON.

These Operas are in the most complete form suitable for re-
presentation, each containing the whole of the Dialogue and
Stage directions, in addition to an historical preface by JOHN
OXENFORD, by whom the text has also been carefully revised
throughout.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BALLAD OPERAS.—Love in a Village.
Music and Words complete. Price 1s.

BALLAD OPERAS.—The Beggar's
OPERA. Music and Words complete. Price 1s.

BALLAD OPERAS.—No Song, No
SUPPER. Music and Words complete. Price 1s.

BALLAD OPERAS.—Rosina. Music
and Words complete. Price 1s.

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
THE COMPLETE OPERA (French and English) 7s. 6d.
THE COMPLETE OPERA for PIANOFORTE. . . 2s. 6d.
LEYBACH'S NEW FANTASIA. . . 4s. 6d.
KUIH'S POPULAR FANTASIA. . . 4s. 6d.
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S CONSPIRATORS' Chorus. 4s. 6d.
REYNAUD DE VILBAC'S DUET. . . 4s. 6d.
COOTE'S MADAME ANGOT QUADRILLE. . . 4s. 6d.
COOTE'S MADAME ANGOT WALTZ. . . 4s. 6d.
COOTE'S MADAME ANGOT GALOP. . . 4s. 6d.
D'ALBERT'S MADAME ANGOT LANCERS. . . 4s. 6d.
GODFREY'S CLAIRETTE WALTZ. . . 4s. 6d.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

THE ISLAND of BACHELORS.
Lecocq's New Opera, performed with great success at
the Gaiety Theatre. Now ready, the Opera for Pianoforte
solo (uniform with Madame Angot), price 2s. 6d.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

THE ISLAND of BACHELORS.
Quadrille by ARBAN on Lecocq's New Opera, is ready
this day, price 2s. nett. Also THE ISLAND of BACHIL-
LORS Waltz, by KETTLING, 2s. nett.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

FIRST CLASS Instruction Books.
DR. SPARK'S HANDY BOOK for the ORGAN 7s. 6d.
ELLIS'S HANDY BOOK for the HARMONIUM 5s. 6d.
MADAME SAINTON DOLBY'S VOCAL TUTOR. 12s. 6d.
PANSERON'S METHOD for MEZZO SOPRANO. . 8s. 6d.
NAVA'S BARITONE METHOD, edited by SANTLEY 10s. 6d.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Just published, Sixpence each.
SHORT MASSES for Small Choirs.
For One, Two, Three, and Four Voices,
with Organ Accompaniment. Edited by SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.
These Masses are published in order to meet a growing
demand in Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches for simple,
melodious harmonized music. In the cases where the register
has been found too high for boy's voices, supplementary notes
have been inserted. They are thus adapted as well for Chancel
Choirs, as for those in which the Soprano parts are taken by
female voices.

1. Webbe's Mass in A	8. Missa de Angelis
2. " " in D	9. Dumont's Mass
3. " " in B flat	10. Missa in dominicis diebus
4. " " in F	per annum
5. " " in C	11. Missa pro defunctis
6. " " in D minor	12. Wesley's Gregorian Mass
7. " " in G	

The Twelve Masses may also be had bound in cloth, gilt
edges, price 5s.—BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S SHORT IRON
GRAND PIANOFORTE in plain walnut case,
five feet long, seven octaves, trichord throughout,
very durable and with excellent tone. To be had
on the three years' system, £55. 10s. per quarter,
£55 cash.—295, Regent Street, adjoining the
Polytechnic.

BOOSEY and CO.'S MINIATURE
PIANOS for India and the Colonies, in solid
walnut or mahogany. Price 22 guineas: or with
metal tuning-pin plate, trichord, and check action,
25 guineas.—295, Regent Street, adjoining the
Polytechnic.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY
beg to say, in reply to numerous inquiries
and orders for their celebrated Watches, that they
cannot supply single Watches at retail,
but will send them on approval, carriage paid,
to any respectable dealer in the United
Kingdom who will send a London reference.
This plan enables every dealer to show the
American Watches without the necessity of
purchasing them. The Company respectfully recom-
mend all parties desirous of examining or
purchasing their Watches, to apply to the
nearest dealer, who will be supplied as above
on application. All Watches are warranted,
by special certificate, to be made good at the
Agency, 16, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
As the gold and silver cases are made in
America, they cannot, of course, bear the
English hall-mark, but all silver cases are
warranted of STANDARD STERLING QUALITY,
and all gold cases to be of the quality
stamped upon them by the Company. An
illustrated pamphlet, descriptive of Watch-
making at Waltham, will be sent free to all
who apply for it.

SECONDHAND Silver.—An Assortment
of Tea and Coffee Services, from £30 to Tea Services,
from £15; Tea Pots, £7 7s.; Cruet Frames, £6 6s.; Waiters,
£3; Cream Jugs, 6s.; Salt Spoons, 6s. a pair. Estab. 1802.
C. A. GODWIN, 304, High Holborn, London.

DEANE'S London-made Kitcheners.—
DEANE and CO. manufacture, supply, and fix com-
plete Cooking Apparatus, Kitcheners, Ranges, Hot Water
Circulation, 14th Fittings, &c. Estimates given.
London Patt'n (London Patt'n) Cheap
Close Fire. Open Fire. Kitcheners. Kitcheners.
4 ft. £14 15 0 4 ft. £17 10 0 3 ft. 6 in. £12 6 0 3 ft. £13 5 0
4 ft. 6 in. £19 0 0 5 ft. £24 0 0 4 ft. £13 5 0 3 ft. 6 in. £10 15 0
5 ft. £22 10 0 5 ft. 6 in. £25 0 0 4 ft. £13 5 0 3 ft. 6 in. £10 15 0
Illustrated Catalogue with priced Furnishing Lists, post free.
DEANE and CO., 45, King William Street, London Bridge.

TURKEY, Persian, and Indian Carpets,
Imported by
WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
CARPET MANUFACTURERS to the Royal Family,
Exhibition Menages, 1862, and Dublin, 1865.
35, 35, Old Bond Street, W.

WOOD Tapestry Decorations.
HOWARD'S PATENT
Wood Tapestry can be applied to all even surfaces, being
adaptation of real wood, in lieu of painting or paper hang-
ing, beautiful in effect and exceedingly durable.
HOWARD and SONS,
DECORATORS,
25, 26, and 27, Berners Street, London, W.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD Starch
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

FURNISHING Exhibition.—Visitors to
London should INSPECT the EXTENSIVE DIS-
PLAY of DECORATIVE ARTICLES of every description
for the complete Furnishing of a House of any class, with a
view to artistic taste combined with utility. The goods are
conveniently arranged in separate departments, all communi-
cating, and visitors are conducted through the spacious Show-
rooms and Galleries without the slightest impurity to pur-
chase. Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality.—
OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, and 73, Hampstead Road
(near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station).
Established 1848. A detailed Catalogue, the best furnishing
guide extant, post-free. The establishment is visible from
Tottenham Court Road.—OETZMANN and CO.

ESTIMATES for House Furnishing.—
OETZMANN and CO.'s system for estimating the cost
of completely furnishing a house of any class with every re-
quisite supersedes any other method. See "A Guide to House
Furnishing," sent post free on application. All goods are very
carefully packed free of charge. This system will be found the
most advantageous to the purchaser.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE "Nonpareil" Bedroom Suite, com-
plete, 6½ guineas, is superior to any hitherto produced
at the price, is enamelled imitation of Ambrosia, Satinwood, or
any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White
ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour.—OETZMANN
and CO.

OETZMANN & CO.'S FIVE GUINEA
NONPAREIL BEDSTEAD and BEDDING is a
marvel of quality and economy combined—consists of a 4 feet
6 in. wide Brass and Iron French Bedstead—one of O. and Co.'s
Patent Pallio Mattresses, and a good Wool Upper Mattress—
good Feather Bolster and two Pillows. Every one about to
furnish should see this excellent set on view in the Show
Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

SEASIDE LODGINGS.—Extra Bed.—A
Strong IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft.
6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete
for 21s. Same items, 3 ft. wide, 25s. complete. Sent carefully
packed; forms a portable package. Also, to suit the above, 2
white calico sheets, 1 ditto bolster-case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white
Whitney blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 28s. 6d. the set.—
Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS.—Oetzmann and Co.
CARPETS!
CARPETS!
CARPETS!
Without exception the largest and best assortment in London
to select from. O. and CO. have upwards of 150 pieces of
Brussels, different patterns, now on show in their carpet
window, besides an immense variety in the Showroom. Mem-
bers of Co-operative Supply Associations are invited to inspect
our stock and compare prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM PATTERN
BRUSSELS CARPET obtained the National Bronze
Medal, School of Art, South Kensington—highly artistic
design and colouring. Agents—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAPERY Department.—Stout White
CALICO SHEETING, 76 inches wide, 1s. 3d. per yard;
88 inches wide, 1s. 9d.; white linen sheeting, 70 inches wide,
1s. 11d.; 86 inches wide, 2s. 6d. per yard; fine linen damask
table cloths, 2 yards long, 4s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards
wide, 6s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ 8s. 11d.; strong kitchen table
cloths, 2s. 6d. each; huckabacks, glass cloths, &c. from 4½d.
per yard; good chintzes, new patterns, 6d. per yard; Cretone
ditto, rich styles and colourings, 11½d. per yard; large white
counterpanes, 2½ yards wide, 12s. 6d.; worth 16s. 6d.;
from 6s. 6d. the pair. Despatched same day on receipt of order
per post.—OETZMANN and CO.

MUSLIN and Lace Curtains.—Clearing
out. Elegant Design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches
wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4
yards long by 52 and 55 inches wide, 12s. 6d.; worth 16s. 6d.;
magnificent Tulle lace curtains, 4 yards long by 64 inches
wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with
size and description, post free on application.—OETZMANN
and CO.

FURNISHING Ironmongery Depart-
MENT.—Strong Bronzed Fenders from 1s. 6d. each;
ditto, circular ends, with standards, from 3s. 9d.; ditto, very
handsome, 8s. 9d.; Fireirons from 1s. 6d. per set; handsome
ditto, 4s. 9d. and 7s. 6d.; Japanned oval Tea Trays, 3s. 11d.
per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; Teapots; Warranted
Table Cutlery, best Electro-plated (durability guaranteed);
Coal Vases, Dish Covers, Japanned Toilet Baths, Cans, &c.;
Kitchen Ironmongery of every description; Mats, Matting,
Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and Co.'s Electro-Silver
Plate, the best quality manufactured and durability
guaranteed. Spoons, Forks, Knives, Fish Carvers, Tea and
Coffee Sets, Urns, Waiters, Cake Baskets, Biscuit Boxes,
Cruets, Liqueurs, Mugs, Tankards, Sporting Cups, Dish
Covers, Plate Covers, &c. Also a large assortment of Table
Cutlery. Warranted best steel. Price lists post free. Orders
for Electro Plate or Cutlery of £2 upwards carriage free to any
railway station in the kingdom.

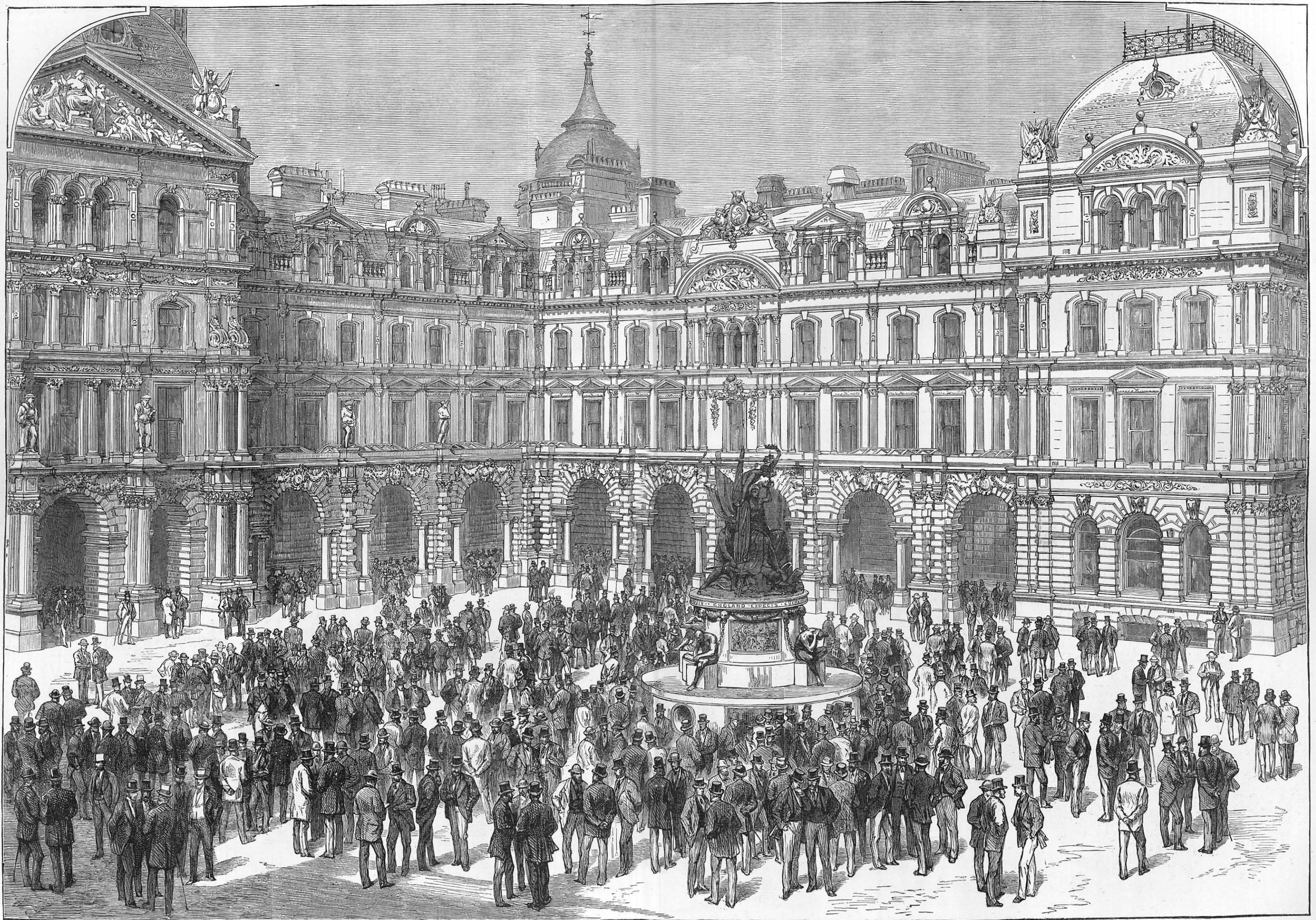
CHINA and Glass Department.—Superior
cut-glass tumblers, 3s. 9d. per dozen; wines, 2s. 6d.;
richly-coloured porters, 7s. 6d. per pair; lustres, vases (the 5s. pair
of vases are a marvel of cheapness and elegance), marble and
gilt ormolu clocks, bronzes, statuettes, fine Parian figures,
elegant cases of stuffed birds, wax flowers under glass shades,
handsome china flower pots, jardinières, &c.; handsome china
tea-services, from 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, 18s. 9d.; ironstone
china dinner services, in great variety of patterns, from 17s. 6d.
upwards; dessert services, from 11s. 9d.; Depot for Wedg-
wood and Co.'s celebrated Ware, also for best Worcester
China; handsome toilet sets, ewer, basin, &c. 6s. 11d. per set;
superb ditto, 10s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73,
Hampstead Road (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court
Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). All
goods sent carefully packed. A detailed Catalogue post free
on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S A 1 Spoons and
FORKS are guaranteed to last for 20 years.
A written guarantee given to every purchaser.—
Mansion House Buildings, Poultry, and 76, 77, and
78, Oxford Street, West End, London.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S Celebrated
TABLE KNIVES are warranted to last longer
than all others.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S Plate Chests
and CANTEN CASES for Military, Foreign,
and Home Use, for 1, 2, 4, 6, and 12 persons, at
£6 10s., £10 13s., £12 12s., £19 5s.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S Wedding and
BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, Sterling Silver and
Electro Silver Plate, the very best choice in Lon-
don.



VISIT OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO LIVERPOOL—A SKETCH ON THE EXCHANGE “FLAGS”